

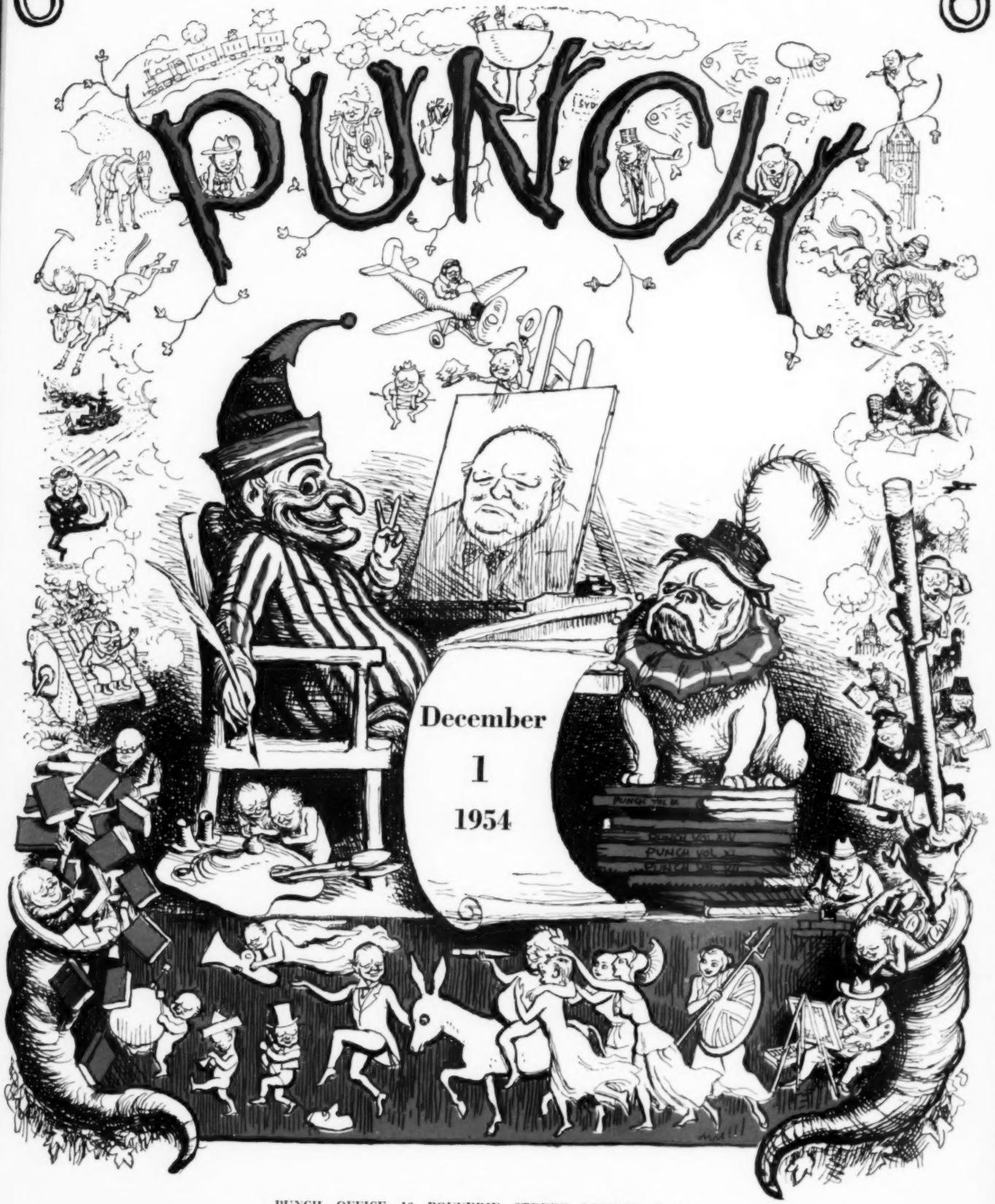
Give us the tools.

PUNCH or The London Charivari—December 1 1954

6^d

6^d

December
1
1954



PUNCH OFFICE 10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E. C. 4

No. 5960

Vol. CCXXVII

Some chicken! Some neck!....What kind of people do they think we are...

Abcde fghijk
lmnopqrstuvwxyz

These twenty-six letters contain all that could ever be said in praise of Punchbowle — all the Christmas Greetings it can convey to friends so delightfully—but they could never adequately conjure up all the solace, satisfaction and relaxation which this grand tobacco yields to the smoker.

This famous tobacco is also available in two other strengths. In the mild form it is called Parson's Pleasure whilst the medium variety is known as Barney's. Each of the three strengths is priced at 4/6d. the ounce.



MADE BY

JOHN SINCLAIR LTD.

* * * * *



DIGESTIVE

Sweet Meal Biscuits by

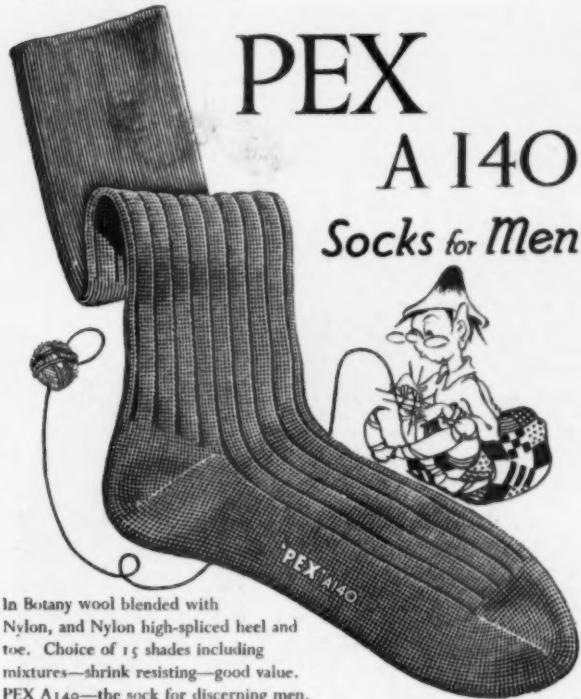
**MC VITIE
& PRICE**

MC VITIE & PRICE LIMITED
EDINBURGH · LONDON · MANCHESTER



Tobler Symphony

Ideal for Birthdays, Theatres or Motoring
EACH EXQUISITE CHOCOLATE A JOY TO EAT



In Botany wool blended with Nylon, and Nylon high-spliced heel and toe. Choice of 15 shades including mixtures—shrink resisting—good value. PEX A140—the sock for discerning men.

Also PEX A141 Long Sock with Lastex top.

PEX Socks & Stockings



SHERRY BEFORE DINNER . . .

SEPPELTS
EXTRA DRY
SOLERO

THE HOUSE OF SEPPELT
A U S T R A L I A

B. Seppelt & Sons Ltd. London Branch: 88 Cannon St., London, E.C.4. Tel.: MAN 2746 Sole Proprietors and Distributors:—Helena Rubinstein, 3 Grafton St., London, W.1

New—for Christmas 1954
PRINCE GOURIELLI
Exclusive Toiletries for Men



This austere handsomely gift set by Prince Gourielli includes Tonic Hair Groom, Talcum Powder for Men and After-Shave Lotion 42/6

He'll appreciate these new cocktail-shaker flasks
—the very masculine scent
—the sheer luxury of your gift

What to give a best friend, brother, husband, fiance, uncle or father for Christmas? Here is the answer—as personal, as correct, as masculine as you want. Choose from this new exclusive range of toilet preparations by PRINCE GOURIELLI. Using the resources of the famous laboratories of his wife, renowned cosmetician Helena Rubinstein, Prince Artchil Gourielli has designed toiletries for men and men only. They are the finest that modern science can devise and money can buy. Their discreet scent has a rugged freshness that is purely male. And the original cocktail-shaker flasks are both elegant and practical.



Tonic Hair Groom
A vitamin-enriched non-greasy dressing to condition the hair 15/6



After-Shave Lotion
Soothes, tones and feeds the tenderest skin after shaving 15/6



Talcum for Men
After-bath talcum powder with special deodorant properties 7/9



Eau de Cologne
A freshener for after-bath and after-shave luxury 19/6



Shaving Cream Bowl
Super-soft for tough beards and tender skins 10/9



Tonic Hair Shampoo
A soapless shampoo combining anti-dandruff agents 7/9

Also Men's Soap—3 man-sized tablets in special gift box—10/9
PRINCE GOURIELLI TOILETRIES FOR MEN
Available from leading stores and chemists



Large 2/3
Small 1/7

Cussons
IMPERIAL  LEATHER
CLEAR Brilliantine
FOR MEN

CUSSONS SONS & CO. LTD, 84 BROOK ST, LONDON W1

Here is a new answer to an old problem. Cussons Clear Brilliantine controls the hair but leaves it soft and healthy—and just as important—does not discolour hats and pillow cases.



BY APPOINTMENT SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS TO THE LATE KING GEORGE VI. JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD.

Between counsel



There's everything to be said for

**Johnnie
Walker**

the smooth round whisky

in the square bottle

Born 1820—still going strong

Maximum prices as fixed by the Scotch Whisky Association



SENIOR SERVICE

Satisfy

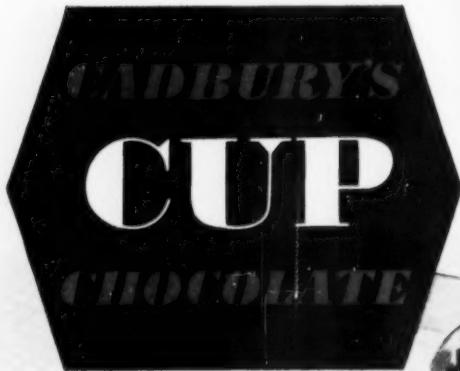
SENIOR SERVICE
The Perfection of Cigarette Luxury

Tobacco at Its Best

L

ovingly sprinkle these flakes
of superb chocolate on to very warm
milk . . . lightly stir . . . the richness, the
perfection of true chocolate instantly
awaits you! Surely no more luxurious,
no more truly well-bred drink than
Cadbury's Cup Chocolate exists!

2/6d. a half-pound



2/6d

Punch, December 1 1954

Christmas means...



JAEGER

GO TO YOUR NEAREST JAEGER OR JAEGER HOUSE 204/206 REGENT STREET W.1



Always reliable



A MAPPIN WATCH



FOR CHRISTMAS



Would you like our Booklet — Presents for every purpose?

Mappin and Webb

LONDON SHOWROOMS:
172 REGENT ST., W.1. 186-188 OXFORD ST., W.1. 2 QUEEN VICTORIA ST., E.C.4.
SHEFFIELD: SHOWROOMS, NORFOLK ST.
PARIS BIARRITZ BUENOS AIRES RIO DE JANEIRO JOHANNESBURG BOMBAY

*Say
“NOILLY PRAT”
and your ‘French’
will be perfect*

Today, as for the last 150 years, Noilly Prat is still blended up to a quality—not down to a price—that's why it's still the world's most sought-after 'French'. *Here is what makes the difference!*

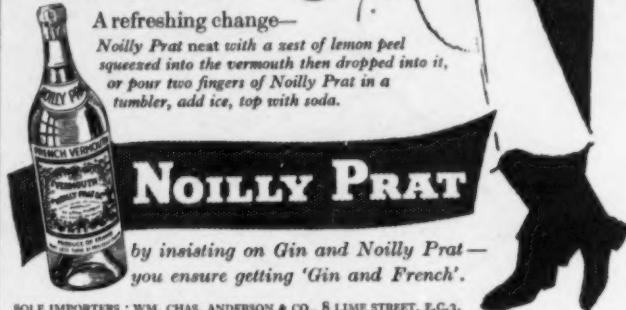
Noilly Prat is blended from the pick of the vermouth grapes, Picpoul, Bourret and Clairette.

Every drop is matured for at least 5 years before bottling.

Noilly Prat's distinctive 'French' tang is produced by slow-process maceration of herbs and flowers, not by manufactured infusions. Noilly Prat is still bottled in France in the large vermouth bottle.

A refreshing change—

Noilly Prat neat with a zest of lemon peel squeezed into the vermouth then dropped into it, or pour two fingers of Noilly Prat in a tumbler, add ice, top with soda.



NOILLY PRAT

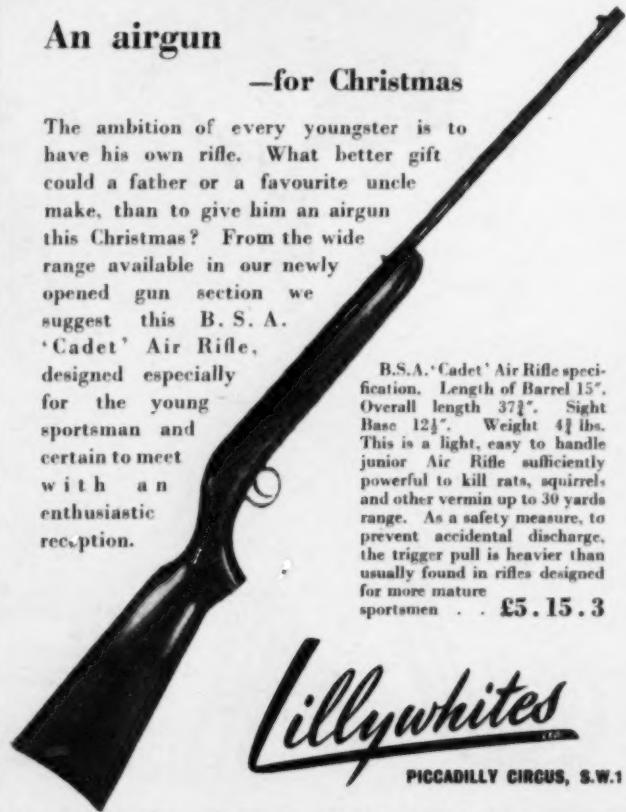
by inesting on Gin and Noilly Prat — you ensure getting 'Gin and French'.

SOLE IMPORTERS : WM. CHAS. ANDERSON & CO., 8 LIME STREET, E.C.3.

An airgun

—for Christmas

The ambition of every youngster is to have his own rifle. What better gift could a father or a favourite uncle make, than to give him an airgun this Christmas? From the wide range available in our newly opened gun section we suggest this B. S. A. 'Cadet' Air Rifle, designed especially for the young sportsman and certain to meet with an enthusiastic reception.



B.S.A. 'Cadet' Air Rifle specification. Length of Barrel 15". Overall length 37". Sight Base 12". Weight 4½ lbs. This is a light, easy to handle junior Air Rifle sufficiently powerful to kill rats, squirrels and other vermin up to 30 yards range. As a safety measure, to prevent accidental discharge, the trigger pull is heavier than usually found in rifles designed for more mature sportsmen . . . £5.15.3

Lillywhites

PICCADILLY CIRCUS, S.W.1

129, PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH AND THE QUADRANT, BOURNEMOUTH



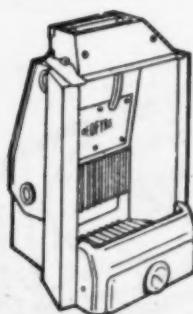
*"I'm awfully glad
we bought a
REDFYRE"*

Until we bought our Redfyre we would never have believed that it could do so much on so little fuel—transforming poor quality slack into a hot glowing fire, or burning coke as merrily as coal. We'd never realised that we could save so much on fuel. And we'd never guessed that life with a Redfyre could be so effortless and pleasant. Yes, *I'm awfully glad we bought a Redfyre!*

The
REDFYRE
REGD

CONTINUOUS BURNING FIRE

Fitted with chrome steel bottom grate to avoid "burning out". Available in 12" to 18" sizes, to fit all standard fireplaces. Finished in lovely vitreous enamel with choice of colour



there's also the
REDFYRE
B A C K B O I L E R

A Redfyre for your living room with a high output boiler concealed behind it! Ensures abundant hot water and heats two radiators.



*From your local distributor
or Gas-Board Showroom*

Newton Chambers & Co. Ltd., Thorncleffe, Nr. Sheffield



the choice is yours with a

BOLEX M-8-R

Swiss Precision 8mm Cine Projector



Send for literature to Sole U.K. Wholesalers:—

CINEX LTD., 9/10, North Audley Street, London, W.I. Telephone: GROsvenor 6546



JEREZ CREAM Choicest Old Oloroso SHERRY



Rich and Luscious with the outstanding quality and flavour that only AGE, EXPERT SELECTION AND BLENDING in JEREZ (Spain) can produce

Shipped only by:—

WILSON & VALDESPINO
JEREZ · SPAIN

Obtainable from all leading wine Merchants





Keep on taking
**FACES &
PLACES**
this winter



ILFORD HP3 FILM

Don't put your camera away for the winter—you can go on taking exciting photographs on Ilford HP3, as these examples show.

With this famous high speed film, which fits all popular cameras, your winter **FACES AND PLACES, indoors and out**, will be just as successful as your summer snaps—and just as easy to take.

ILFORD FILMS FOR FACES AND PLACES ALL THE YEAR ROUND



Remarkable NEW PLENAMINS give you no less than 11 VITAMINS

VITAMIN A PALMITATE —— 6,000 I.U.'s
VITAMIN D (Synthofer) —— 1,000 I.U.'s
VITAMINE (di-Alpha Tocopheryl Acetate) 11.U.
VITAMIN C (Ascorbic Acid) 25 mg. (500 I.U.)
VITAMIN B₁ (Aneurine Hydrochloride) 1.5 mg.

VITAMIN B₂ (Riboflavin) —— 1.5 mg.
NICOTINAMIDE —— 20 mg.
VITAMIN B₆ (Pyridoxine) 50 micrograms
CALCIUM PANTOTHENATE —— 0.5 mg.
FERROUS SULPHATE EXSIC. B.P. 46 mg.

PLUS Red Vitamin B₁₂ Folic Acid and Liver Concentrate

Here at last is a truly comprehensive vitamin product for you! The new Rexall Plenamins capsules give you more vitamins — in greater quantity — plus all the extra benefits of Red Vitamin B₁₂, Folic Acid, Liver Concentrate and Iron. Unless you get sufficient vitamins it is impossible for you to enjoy perfect fitness, alertness, health and energy, clear eyes and a glorious fresh complexion. Yet without your knowing it, your daily diet may quite easily be deficient in some of these essential substances. The best and simplest way to insure against lack of vitamins is to start taking Rexall Plenamins.

GUARANTEE. Plenamins assure you of the minimum daily requirement of each of the vitamins supplied wherever this figure has been satisfactorily established.

Rexall **Plenamins**

STANDARD SIZE 5/- 15 DAYS' SUPPLY · LARGE SIZE 9/- 1 MONTH'S SUPPLY
FAMILY SIZE 16/- 2 MONTHS' SUPPLY · OBTAINABLE FROM YOUR LOCAL CHEMIST

YOU CAN DEPEND ON ANY PRODUCT BEARING THE NAME **Rexall**

LEWIN TIES THE BEST FOR CHRISTMAS

Lewin Ties cut from the finest quality English silk squares are renowned the world over for their hard-wearing and non-creasing—available in a variety of colours and designs at 25/- Write stating your choice of colour and design. Post Free in U.K.

T.M. Lewin & Sons Ltd.

103 JERMYN STREET, ST. JAMES'S, S.W.1
ESTABLISHED 1898 Phone WHITEHALL 4291

SHIRTMAKERS & TAILORS — SPECIALISTS IN CLUB COLOURS

WADDINGTON'S FAMILY GAMES



make the hours fly!

ASTRON A new, outer space game with a patented moving universe. Your space ship defies death and danger, fighting its perilous way to the mystery planet, Saturn. 25/-

KEYWORD The first and foremost word-game—America's best-seller and a truly brilliant family game. Played on an attractive board with plastic letters, polished wood holders. 21/-



MONOPOLY Own Mayfair, Park Lane, control main line railway stations, buy up nearly all London (if you don't go bankrupt first), in this thrilling Property Trading Board Game. 19/11d.

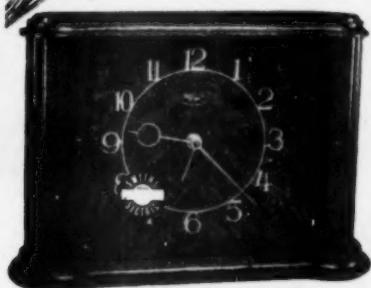
CLUEDO Given certain facts, can you trace the perpetrator of a crime, where it happened, the instrument used? Here's your chance—Cluedo, the game that's radically different from all others. 19/11d.



THEY'RE FUN FOR ALL THE FAMILY
From all Stationers, Stores, etc.

"WHAT! STILL WINDING? NOT US!"

*Modern
people everywhere
plug in to
'Sectric' time*



DRAKE
Contemporary design
in fine Oak/Walnut finish
case with gilt figures
£4. 4. 6



DOUGLAS
Wall Clock moulded in polystyrene, choice of contrasting colours. £3. 18. 8.



NEW CALLBOY
Alarm in Ivory case with Black zone, fully
luminous. £2. 2. 6. Also spot luminous in
Ivory, Blue or Green, £1. 19. 1.



SMITHS 'SECTRIC' CLOCKS

SMITHS ENGLISH CLOCKS LTD., LONDON, N.W.2. The Clock & Watch Division of S. Smith & Sons (England) Ltd.

Player's
PERFECTOS

The inevitable choice for those who
appreciate the finer things in life.

Packed in boxes of 50 and 100

JOHN PLAYER & SONS, BRANCH OF THE IMPERIAL
TOBACCO CO. (OF GREAT BRITAIN & IRELAND), LTD.

PF28A

Glayva Scotch Liqueur

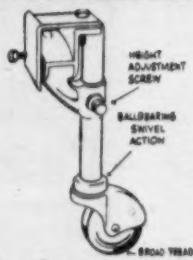


Scotlands Finest Liqueur

MOVING THIS BED IS
no effort
at all!

—IT'S FITTED WITH
VONO
Castors

EVERY time you move the bed you'll bless the day you fitted Vono Castors. Easy-running Vono Castors take all the strain your bed glides just where you want it—at a touch. And how they save carpet wear, too! They just roll gently over the pile, so your carpets last much longer. Ask about Vono Castors at any good-class furnishers today.



Vono Castors are made to fit most types of bed, and you can get a set for as little as 49/- It's child's play to fit them . . . full instructions with every set.

VONO LIMITED Showrooms at :

LONDON : 71, Grosvenor Street, W.1. LEEDS : 8, Neville Street.
GLASGOW : College Station, High Street. MANCHESTER : 95, Shudehill.



HERE'S A GIFT that keeps on giving all the year round. A Sparklet Refillable Syphon means a constant supply of fresh, made-on-the-spot "soda". Just fill it with water and screw on a Sparklet Bulb. In a moment up bubbles crisp, lively "soda" water ready to bring out the best in squash and spirits alike.



EASY ON THE EYE

Take your pick from a variety of colour schemes to harmonise with any surroundings. A Sparklet Syphon is at home on the brightest of bars, the smartest of sideboards.

EASY ON THE POCKET

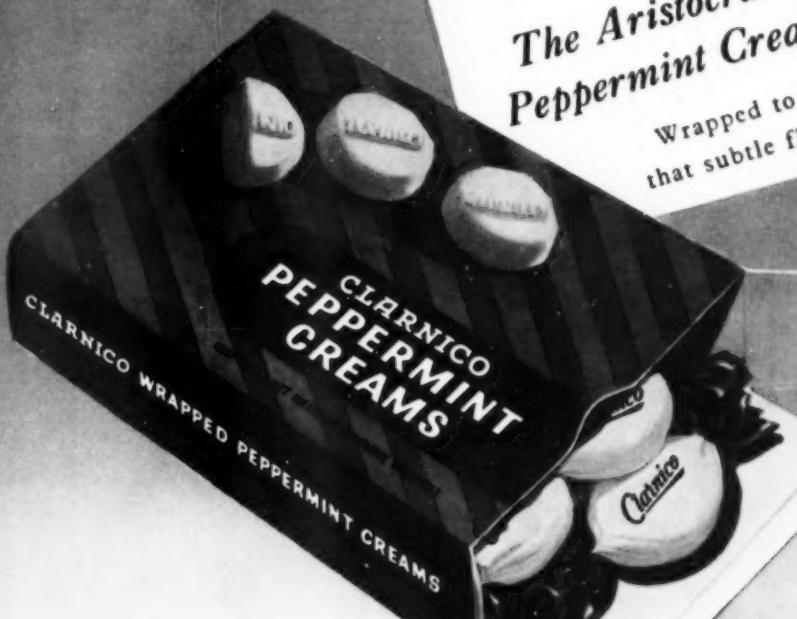
Sparklet's thrifty habits belie its Park Lane appearance. A dividend is declared on every drink it serves. And remember—no outstanding deposit charges, no clutter of empties.

STREAMLINE MODELS (complete with Drip Tray) 74/9 and 84/-

SPARKLET
Refillable SYPHON

See Sparklet Syphons at chemists and stores,
or write for illustrated leaflet to:

Dept. 10, Sparklets Ltd., Queen St., London, N.17



The Aristocrat of
Peppermint Creams

Wrapped to keep
that subtle flavour

CLARNICO

It's a wonderful experience to taste these distinguished Clarnico Peppermint Creams. Let your palate linger over their exquisite flavour.

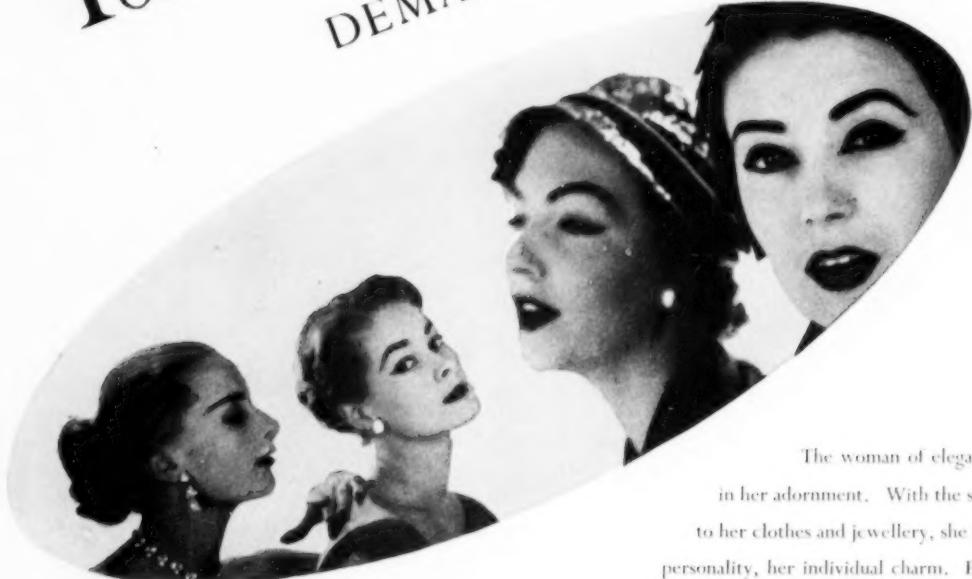
1/6

PER HALF POUND
IN THE GAY
GREEN-STRIPED BOX.

Also sold loose



FOR THOSE WHOSE TASTE
DEMANDS THE FINEST



The woman of elegance looks for distinctiveness in her adornment. With the same care that she devoted to her clothes and jewellery, she selects a watch to reflect her personality, her individual charm. Each Omega model has its own inimitable personality, its own matchless grace. Look, for example, at the exquisite 18-carat gold watches illustrated below.

Note the classic design of the bracelet which is also in rich 18-carat gold. These models are typical of that perfection of craftsmanship and styling which is the hallmark of every Omega. No wonder people of discernment select Omega.



*Model 830/C in 18-carat gold
with silk cord: £53. 0. 0.*

*Model 850/B in 18-carat gold
with gold bracelet: £87. 15. 0.*

Ω
OMEGA

The watch the world has learned to trust

Some day you will own one

She loves him because . . .



... He uses the world's most
distinguished after-shave lotion

A man can pay a woman no greater compliment than to be well-groomed. That's why women love a man who uses Aqua Velva, the world's most distinguished after-shave lotion.

And Aqua Velva is more than the hallmark of good grooming. It's a luxury that's a necessity. This clean, bracing lotion soothes and refreshes the skin after shaving, helps to keep skin clear and smooth. It's no wonder that discriminating men the world-over top every shave with the luxury of Aqua Velva.

Price: 2/9 and 4/6 at all chemists.



Aqua Velva

A product of the James B. Williams Co. (England) Ltd.

WHAT IS THIS GAME



Calypso?

25/- THE SET

AVAILABLE FROM LEADING STATIONERS

Kenneth Konstam writes: "It will appeal to Bridge players, to Canasta players and to the large number of card players who have long been searching for a game in which the ingredients of luck and skill are carefully apportioned."

CALYPSO is played by four players with four packs of cards. The attractive set also contains a special table layout diagram and four suit indicators. Two books of rules and scorecards are included.

THOMAS DE LA RUE & COMPANY LIMITED

New outdoor freedom

The new 'Countryman' pure botany wool heavyknit, specially designed by Liberty's to give the maximum warmth with the minimum restriction. Fully fashioned button up collar, saddle shoulders. Navy, natural, grey, green, Lovat, wine or yellow.



Sizes 38" to 44".
Pullover 5 gns.
Cardigan,
inset sleeves
and two pockets, 6 gns.
From our Man's Shop



Liberty

of
Regent
Street



DECEMBER

THE PONIES AND THE MICE

When, at Christmas time, the six little Shetland ponies—so glossy, so bedizened, so demure—draw into our view the marvellous and gleaming coach of Cinderella, does anybody think about mice? No. When Hamlet, like a spin bowler fingering the new ball, bends upon the skull in his hand a pregnant, speculative glance, we are acutely aware of Yorick, and beyond the omelette which the clever conjuror produces from his hat we inescapably apprehend the gold watches which were—as far as any of us could see—its principal ingredients. But the little ponies somehow atrophy our sense of the dramatic. We think of them only as ponies. Our imaginations do not even toy with the interesting fact that they are, *au fond*, mice.

It is quite right that this should be so; for although children are stern realists the pantomime is an escapist institution, and once they begin to see through its odd but conventional illusions—to notice that the Principal Boy is a girl and the Ugly Sisters are men, to point out to each other the wires upon which the fairies levitate—it is a sign that they are getting too old for this type of entertainment. Next year we shall have to try and find something rather more grown-up. As far as they are concerned, the ponies (or, if you prefer it, the mice) will go into cold storage until—by a metamorphosis at present even harder to believe in—the children are transformed into parents themselves.



The Midland Bank helps Christmas on its way by many different services, ranging from the financing of turkey imports from the Continent to the provision of shiny sixpences for innumerable puddings.

MIDLAND BANK



THE ROVER COMPANY CONTINUED EXPANSION OF BUSINESS

MR. H. HOWE GRAHAM'S REVIEW:

The fifty-ninth annual general meeting of The Rover Company Limited was held on November 22 in Birmingham, Mr. H. Howe Graham, F.C.A. (the Chairman), presiding.

The following is an extract from his circulated Statement:

The Report and Accounts to 31st July last again show very satisfactory results.

The new models of Rover Cars and Land-Rovers, referred to last year have been well received in both home and export markets, and the volume of our business again shows an increase over previous years' figures in both the number and the value of the vehicles sold. Despite this increase there is still an unsatisfied demand for our vehicles, and extensive plans are already in hand to increase still further our production capacity. In this connection we are buying an additional factory in Birmingham near to our Tyseley machine shops and have also commenced work on a large new factory block adjacent to our Solihull factory.

The cost of this expansion makes it desirable, notwithstanding the strong liquid position shown by this year's Balance Sheet, to raise additional capital, and particulars of our proposals for doing this by way of a "Rights" Issue have been sent to Members.

Although our output is increasing we do not intend to relax our policy of manufacturing vehicles of a high standard of quality. In this connection we have recently constructed on our own land at Solihull, and will shortly be putting into service a road circuit for carrying out under ideal conditions the road tests which every vehicle is given before it is delivered. This is but one example of the way in which we are constantly striving to improve the quality of our products.

Work continues on the development of gas turbine engines and satisfactory progress is being made in tackling the problems peculiar to this type of engine for use in road vehicles. In the meantime production of small quantities of gas turbine engines for industrial purposes has commenced.

The Surplus on Trading and Management Fees, together with Interest on Investments and Bank Interest amount to £2,055,455 which is £601,275 higher than last year. The provision for Taxation absorbs £1,165,164 compared with £875,003. The Profit after Taxation is £553,617 as compared with £369,626, and after adding the balance brought forward of £100,327 to the net profit there is a total amount available for disposal of £653,944. Allocations out of this balance of profit include £20,000 for the provision of pensions to members of the staff who, on account of their age or for other reasons are not eligible to join or are not adequately provided for by the Company's existing pension schemes. The transfer to General Reserve has been fixed at £334,521 in order to make the total of the General Reserve up to £1,750,000 after transferring £30,000 from Dividend Equalisation Reserve, £35,479 from E.P.T. Post-War Refund and bringing in £250,000 Provision for Taxation which is no longer required. The proposed Dividend of 2s. per share, less Tax, absorbs £161,466, leaving a balance to be carried forward to next year's Account of £137,957.

The Report was adopted, and at an extraordinary general meeting proposals to increase the issued capital from £1,175,314 to £2,056,800 by a "Rights" Issue of 1,175,314 8/- Ordinary Shares and the capitalisation of £411,360 of reserves were approved.



Chassis and coachwork are practically the same in each of the three Rover models—the powerful '90', the popular '75' and the economical '60'.



The Land-Rover 86" Wheelbase Standard Model with detachable hood.



İNSANIYETİN HAYRINA !

HASAN IS PROUD that his job serves his country. More electricity means greater prosperity and a higher standard of living for Turkey. Hasan reckons that electricity is "*insaniyetin hayrinadır* — for the benefit of Man".

Hasan works at the Catalagzı Power Station, completed by Metropolitan-Vickers Electrical Co. Ltd. in 1948. Recently, the President of the Turkish Republic laid the foundation stone of new extensions that will double the size of the station.

Again Metropolitan-Vickers, one of the nine famous British companies that together make up A.E.I., are undertaking the work. The new contract calls for turbo-generating plant, boilers, switchgear, and all civil works, totalling some £3½ million.

A.E.I. are Associated Electrical Industries, whose Companies make everything electrical from a turbine to a torch bulb.

AEI
for progress through electricity

Associated Electrical Industries
are a family of companies :
Metropolitan-Vickers Electrical Co. Ltd.
The British Thomson-Houston Co. Ltd.
The Edison Swan Electric Co. Ltd.
Ferguson Pailin Ltd.
The Hotpoint Electric Appliance Co. Ltd.
International Refrigerator Co. Ltd.
Newton Victor Ltd.
Premier Electric Heaters Ltd.
Suvic Controls Ltd.

THE BRICKS OF PROSPERITY

Refractories are a vital part of the economy of any industry using furnaces—but how often do they appear in the accounts—in their own right we mean, not hidden in Capital Cost, Furnace Maintenance or Overheads? Not often? Never? It's worth any accountant's while to dig them out of this obscurity and look at them carefully—with the technical help of a furnace engineer if possible. For refractories can have a profound effect on an industry's prosperity. Take Morgan M.I. refractories*. They have stepped up the output of batch furnaces in many industries by 50 per cent and more and could perhaps do the same for yours. Furnaces which once took an hour

and a half to reach working temperature now heat up in fifteen minutes. Two furnaces lined with M.I. do the work of three lined with ordinary firebricks. Think for a moment of the effect of that on overheads and on the profit/capital ratio. Anyway give refractories a thought; they are worth it.

* M.I. bricks are low heat-storage refractories which can be used as a direct furnace lining up to 1540°C (2800°F). They are made on modern continuous plant under stringent quality control and every brick is ground to size. Full technical details are available on request and our furnace engineers are always pleased to have the opportunity of discussing special problems in the use of these, or any other, Morgan refractories.

MORGAN refractories

ARE WORTH FAR MORE THAN THEY COST

THE MORGAN CRUCIBLE CO. LTD. (Refractories Group), Neston, Wirral, Cheshire.

Telephone: Neston 1406

NE.72

Jamaica's and Havana's Best Cigars



The same fine quality
Havana wrappers are used
for both brands of cigars.

WILLIAMS & HUMBERT'S
DRY SACK
REGD

The World Famous Sherry

SPAIN'S BEST

"WALNUT BROWN" and
"CARLITO" complete your family party

WILLIAMS & HUMBERT LTD 35 SEETHING LANE LONDON E.C.3



nylon cuts it fine and warm

For an inner glow in an English winter, wool is the thing. Spin nylon with it and you have sovereign vests and pants—warm, of course, and comfortable, but airy, lightweight, shapely as well. Underwear that's never bulky, that goes on and on keeping its line and texture, that cuts a very fine figure for longer than you'd believe possible. There's 100% spun nylon if you aren't a wool wearer. Very trim and light and almost everlasting: but whichever your choice, whatever the weather

it's a nylon winter for men

WIVES KNOW
about nylon already. Families in nylon mean quicker washing, next-to-no mending, money saved and time gained.

100% SPUN NYLON
Warm but very lightweight.
Easy to wash. Extremely hard-wearing, and shrink-resistant.

WOOL-AND-NYLON BLENDS
Very warm and comfortable.
Longer life, harder wear. Keep their shape. Need little darning.

B
Nylon
S

BRITISH NYLON SPINNERS LTD., PONTYPOOL, MON.

Everest Leader's Tribute to Rolex

ON MAY 29TH, 1953, the British Everest Expedition, led by Brigadier Sir John Hunt, finally reached the summit of Mount Everest. Rolex Oyster Perpetual watches were supplied to the expedition. Sir John pays this tribute to Rolex.

"The Rolex Oyster Perpetual watches, with which members of the British team were equipped, again proved their dependability on Everest. We were delighted that they kept such accurate time. This ensured that synchronisation of time in the team was maintained throughout.

"And the Oyster case lived up to its reputation, gained on many previous expeditions, for protecting the movement. Our Rolex Oysters were completely waterproof, unharmed by immersion in snow, and withstood the extreme change of temperature from the warm humidity of the foothills to the great cold at the high camps.

"Last, but not least, the Perpetual self-winding mechanism relieved the team from the trouble of winding

their watches. At heights of over 25,000 feet this is really necessary, because the mind slows up and such details as winding watches can be forgotten. There was no need either to slip off warm gloves to attend to this detail.

"As I have emphasized before, this expedition was built on the experience and achievement of others. Rolex Oyster watches have accompanied many previous pioneering expeditions. They performed splendidly, and we have indeed come to look upon Rolex Oysters as an important part of high climbing equipment."

John Hunt, Leader
15th June, 1953
Khatmandu



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Time measurement*

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LACK OF SUMMER SUNSHINE**

A poor summer robs us of vital sunshine and most of us feel the effects—lowered vitality, listlessness, and lack of interest in life. In this state we may well fall easy victims to the first crop of winter colds and chills.

But can we hope to catch up on the sunshine we miss?

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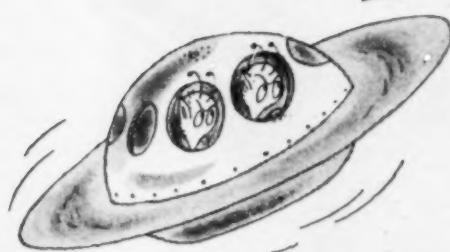
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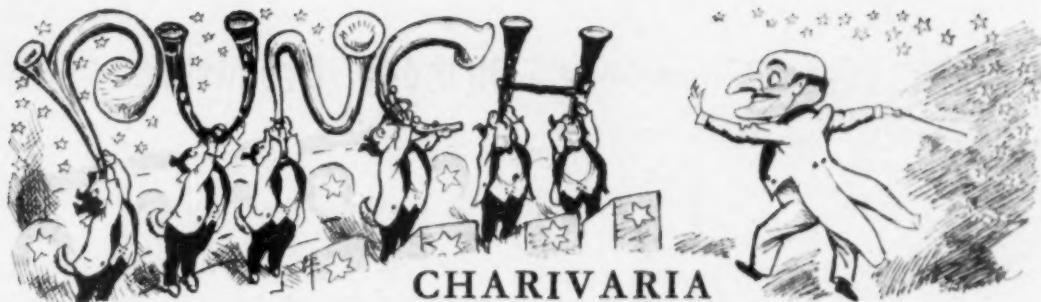
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**Nescafé has the biggest
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in the world**

100% PURE COFFEE-DISSOLVES INSTANTLY



MRS. BRADDOCK's refusal to sign yesterday's birthday book shows a rare inflexibility of political principles, and many will admire her for saying that she and her circle "are not having our names handed down to posterity tacked on to the end of Winston Churchill's name." Particularly as it seems their only hope.

Full Coverage

MOST reports about the schoolgirl suspended because newspaper photographs had shown her in a sunsuit were accompanied by photographs showing her in a sunsuit.

An Inspector Calls

LAST month's report on British eating habits was the most comprehensive thing of its kind. It covered all sections of the population at all times of the year, scrutinizing the larders and grocery-bills in households of every composition and social class, inquiring about meals eaten other than at home, comparing nutrient contents and energy



values, and achieving triumphs of tabulation and analysis undreamed of by the statisticians of our grandparents' day. The Ministry of Food and the National Food Survey Committee should be congratulated on the scope and variety of their investigation, and asked what they intend to do with it.

System Breaks Down

HAMPSHIRE's Federation of Women's Institutes has lodged a protest about the latches on the larder doors in seven hundred and fifty identical council houses at Alton, after a woman living in one of them had got herself trapped

in her larder. The local housing authority, agreeing at once to look into the matter, hope to solve the problem of why the other seven hundred and forty-nine didn't get themselves trapped in theirs.

Straw in the Wind

NEWSPAPERS continue to run public opinion polls on the outcome of a possible General Election, but no very reliable pointers seem to emerge. Private opinion polls suggest, however, that Labour may very well defeat itself.

The Image of Young Bert

WOMEN's magazines are said to be in sharp competition for serial rights in the newly-discovered letters to



Napoleon from the Empress Marie-Louise, which describe how their little son had a cold, but it got better, and had a toothache which did the same. A series on these lines would usefully support the campaign to prove that royal children are remarkably unremarkable.

Not Trying

ONE aim of a fund to be sponsored by the Earl of Scarbrough is to provide grants to parents of children who win scholarships. Many boys and girls had never suspected that their prowess would produce parental distress on a scale warranting provision of this kind, and feel that the decent thing to do is continue with their usual slacking.

Drawn In

THE Peruvian seizure of Panamanian whalers owned by a Greek and manned by Germans seemed at first to offer

British newspaper readers a little objective *Schadenfreude* in which, for once, their interests were not involved. Then it turned out that the ships were "insured with Lloyd's for about £5 million," and it can only be a matter of time before the Germans prove to be British nationals, and we learn that Britain has secret mutual aggression pacts with both Panama and Peru. But at least the meat shortage is over, otherwise it would be a pretty sure thing who was paying for the whales.

Let Off with a Caution

ACCORDING to a B.B.C. explanation of how a popular Light Programme series came into existence, it would never have got farther than the waste-paper basket but for the intervention of the producer's secretary. However, no disciplinary action is to be taken.

Going Down

MAN's growing conquest of Nature came to a climax with the Everest success, and in adventurous circles the feeling recently has been that not much



remains to do. Luckily, it has just been announced that a submarine mountain two and a half miles high has been located in the North-western Pacific Ocean. The dimensions are not very formidable, of course, but there is bound to be a keen competition to be the first to climb a mountain from the top.

Large as Life

WHEN Mr. Pickles thrilled and delighted viewing millions by showing them a woman they had never heard of reunited unexpectedly with a husband she had thought to be seven thousand

miles away he sounded the knell of the creative artist. Who wants to read Rider Haggard or watch *A Midsummer Night's Dream* when they can have stuff like this? Real life is obviously the entertainment of the future. Even a Bernhardt could not play Mrs. Bloggs with anything like the effect produced when the real Mrs. Bloggs appears before your very eyes. Besides, although in the case of Mr. Pickles' recent triumph a doctor had said that the woman could "stand the shock" of the reunion, doctors are not infallible. There is always a chance that you might see a real person actually drop dead.

Kept Late at the Drill Hall

WAR Office spokesmen are well pleased with the progress of the recruiting of women into the Home Guard; of the twelve vacancies in the 1st Middlesex Battalion, six have already been filled, three by women whose husbands are in the Battalion. Some of the male volunteers, however, think that the innovation does away with the whole point of the thing.

The Man and the Moment

The Ministry of Education has reminded us that Mr. Gladstone always retained his Northern accent.

THERE may be politicians who
Will cite, to quell a row,
What Gladstone said in '82,
And how.

But there'll be, oh, so many more
Who'll mention, by and by,
What Churchill said in '54,
And why.



Birthday Broadsheet

An Ode to the Right Honourable Sir Winston Churchill on the Eightieth Anniversary of his Birth

A LL hail to this notable day, which is the very reverse of sinister
Because it is the eightieth birthday of our glorious Prime Minister
Who has served Britain for many years both in peace and war
And it seems likely he will serve her for a good many more.

Of having been a soldier in the Sudan and South Africa he can boast,
And also he wrote dispatches for the *Morning Post*
Before entering the political scene, where his prospects were rosier,
And he was fortunate enough to marry beautiful Miss Clementine Hozier.

The number of his political triumphs has been great,
Including one over Peter the Painter in the famous battle of Sidney Street.
And he planned the Dardanelles expedition in spite of the pressure
Brought against him by such doughty opponents as the late Admiral Fisher.

And in the second world war, after years in the wilderness,
He had to be recalled to get us out of our mess,
And his inspiring leadership saw us through those difficult days,
Along with Joe Stalin's and the President of the U.S.A.'s.

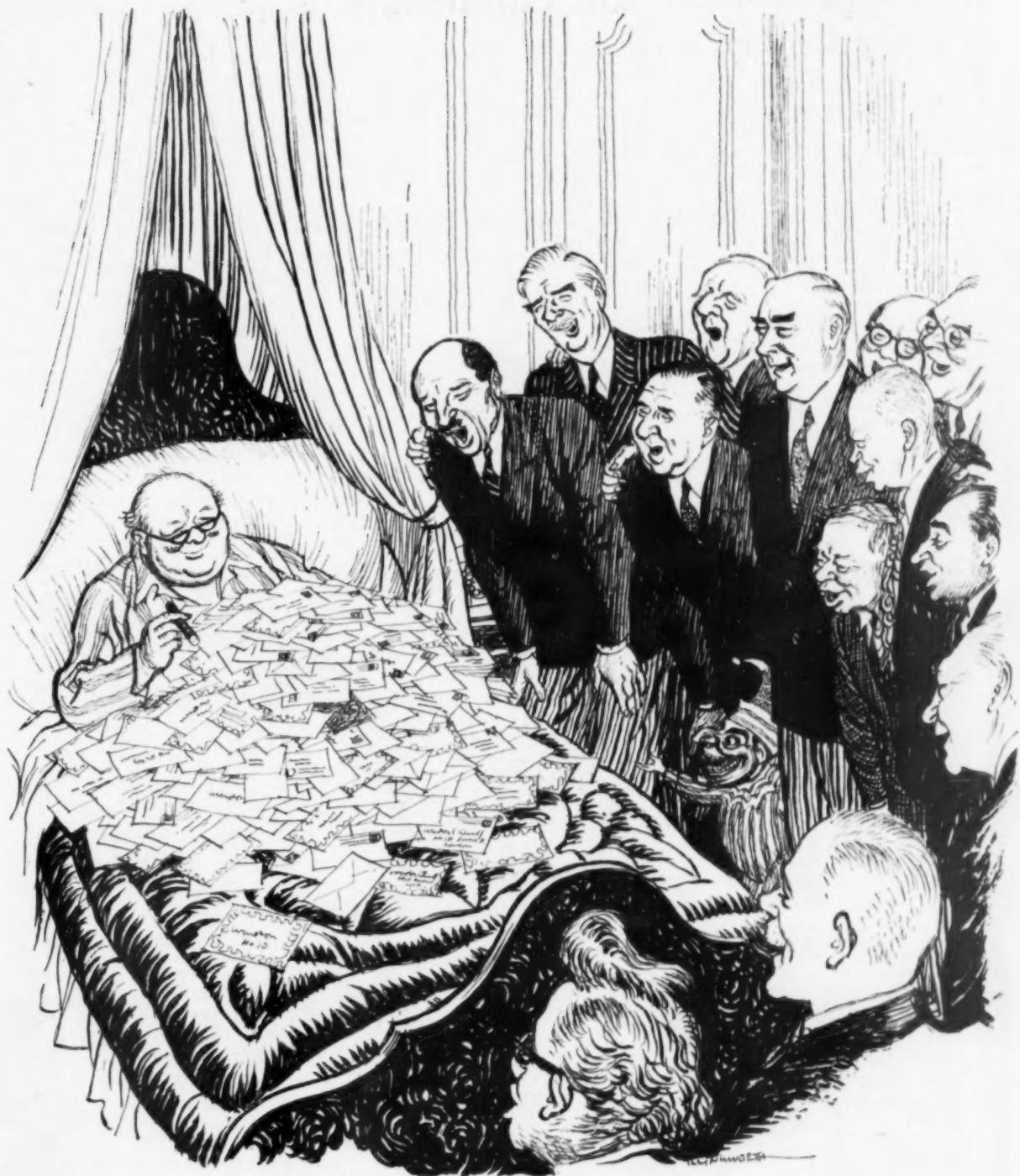
Since then he has received universal recognition both here and overseas,
And a number of universities have accorded him honorary degrees.
He is Colonel of more than one Territorial regiment,
Also a Deputy-Lieutenant for the County of Kent.

The number and quality of his books can hardly be credited,
Not to mention the numerous speeches which his son Randolph has kindly edited.
The Second World War was awarded the Nobel Prize for its merit exceeding,
And the life of *Marlborough* in four volumes is worth reading.

We are all delighted when the paintings he has submitted
Are accepted by the Royal Academy to be exhibited,
And when he leads in a Classic winner to the paddock—
With the notable exception of Mrs. Bessie Braddock.

Therefore let everyone raise their glasses and shout Hip, hip, hooray!
Since this is Sir Winston Churchill's eightieth birthday,
And not to rejoice on such an occasion would surely be very strange
Except perhaps in Blackburn or Liverpool (Exchange).

B. A. YOUNG



HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU

An Appointment for Candlemas

HAVE I the honour of addressing Mrs. Hipkinson?

That's me! And what can I do for you, young man?

I have a verbal introduction from—
from an officer of your organization.
Robin of Barking Creek was the name he gave.

If that isn't just like Robin's cheek!
The old buck hasn't even dropped me a Christmas card since the year sweets came off the ration, and now he sends me trouble.

Trouble, Mrs. Hipkinson?

Trouble, I said. You're not one of us. Don't need to do no crystal gazing to see that. What's the game?

Robin of Barking Creek has been kind enough to suggest that you would be kind enough to . . .

Cut it out. Got my shopping to finish.
If I might perhaps be allowed to carry

your basket? It looks as if it were rather heavy.

O.K., you win. Take the damn thing. My corns are giving me jip. Well, now, out with it!

The fact is, madam, I'm engaged in writing a D.Phil thesis on Contemporary Magology . . .

Eh? What's that? Talk straight, if you please!

Excuse me. I mean I'm a university graduate studying present-day witchcraft; as a means of taking my degree in Philosophy.

Now, that makes a bit more sense. If Robin answers for you I don't see why we couldn't help—same as I got our Deanna up into O level with a bit of a spell I cast on the Modern Secondary School examiners. But don't you trouble to speak in whispers. Them eighteenth-century Witchcraft

By ROBERT GRAVES

Acts is obsolescent now, except as regards fortune-tellers; and we don't touch that lay, not professionally we don't. Course, I admit we keep ourselves to ourselves, but so do the Masons and the Foresters and the Buffs, not to mention the Commies. And all are welcome to our little dos, what consent to be duly pricked in their finger-tips and take the oath and give that there comical kiss. The police don't interfere. Got their work cut out to keep up with motoring offences and juvenile crime, and cetera. Nor they don't believe in witches, they say; only in fairies. They're real down on the poor fairies these days.

Do you mean to say the police wouldn't break up one of your Grand Sabbaths, if . . .

Half a mo'! Got to pop into the Home and Commercial for a dozen rashers and a couple of hen-fruit.



"Sorry—I've changed my mind."



"Why stand so close?"

Bring the basket along, ducks, if you please . . .

As you were saying, Mrs. Hipkinson?

Ah yes, about them Sabbaths . . . Well, see, to keep the right side of the Law, on account we all have to appear starko, naturally we hire the Nudists' Hall. Main festivals are quarter-days and cross quarter-days; them's the obligatory ones, same as in Lancashire and the Highlands and everywhere else. Can't often spare the time in between. We run two covens here, used to be three—mixed sexes, but us girls are in the big majority. I'm Pucelle of Coven No. 1, and my boy-friend Arthur O'Bower (radio-mechanic in private life), he's Chief Devil of both. My husband plays the tabor and jew's-trump in Coven No. 2. Not very well up in the book of words, but a willing performer, that's Mr. H.

I hope I'm not being indiscreet, but how do you name your God of the Witches?

Well, we used different names in the old days, before this village became

what's called a dormitory suburb. He was Mahew, or Lug, or Herne, I seem to remember, according to the time of year. But the Rev. Jones, our last Chief Devil but two, he was a bit of a scholar: always called the god "Faunus," which is Greek or Hebrew, I understand.

But Faunus was a patron of flocks and forests. There aren't many flocks or forests in North-eastern London, surely?

Too true there aren't; but we perform our fertility rites in aid of the allotments. We all feel that the allotments is a good cause to be encouraged, remembering how short of food we went in the war. Reminds me, got to stop at that fruit stall: horse-radish and a cabbage lettuce and a few nice carrots. The horse-radish is for my little old familiar; too strong for my own taste . . . Shopping's a lot easier since Arthur and me got rid of that there Hitler . . .

Please continue, Mrs. Hipkinson.

Well, as I was saying, that Hitler caused us a lot of trouble. We don't hold with politics as a rule, but them Natsies was just too bad with their

incendiaries and buzz-bombs. So Arthur and I worked on him at a distance, using all the strongest enchantments in the *Book of Moons* and out of it, not to mention a couple of new ones I got out of them Free French Breton sailors. But Mr. Hitler was a difficult nut to crack. He was *protected*, see? But Mr. Hitler had given us fire, and fire we would give Mr. Hitler. First time, unfortunately, we got a couple o' words wrong in the formula, and only blew his pants off of him. Next time, we didn't slip up; and we burned the little basket to a cinder . . . Reminds me of my great-grandmother, old Mrs. Lou Simmons of Wanstead. She got mad with the Emperor Napoleon Bonaparte, and caused 'im an 'orrid belly-ache on the Field of Waterloo. Done, at a distance again, with toad's venom—you got to get a toad scared sick before he'll secrete the right stuff. But old Lou, she scared her toad good and proper: showed him a distorting looking-glass—clever act, eh? So Boney couldn't keep his mind on the battle; it was those awful gripings in his

stomjack what gave the Duke of Wellington his opportunity. Must cross over to the chemist, if you don't mind . . .

For flying ointment, by any chance?

Don't be potty! Think I'd ask that Mr. Cadman for soot and baby's fat and bat's blood and aconite and water-parsnip? The old carcass would think I was pulling his leg. No, Long Jack of Coven No. 2 makes up our flying ointment—Jack's assistant dispenser at the Children's Hospital down New Cut. Oh, but look at that queue! I don't think I'll trouble this morning. An aspirin will do me just as well as the panel medicine.

Do you still use the old-style besom at your merrymakings, Mrs. Hipkinson?

There's another difficulty you laid your finger on. Can't get a decent besom hereabouts, not for love nor money. Painted white wood and

artificial bristles, that's what they offer you. We got to send all the way to a bloke at Taunton for the real thing—ash and birch, with osier for the binding—and last time, believe it or don't, the damned fools sent me a consignment bound in nylon tape! Nylon tape, I ask you!

Yes, I fear that modern technological conditions are not favourable to a spread of the Old Religion.

Can't grumble. We're up to strength at present, until one or two of the older boys and girls drop off the hooks. But TV isn't doing us no good. Sometimes I got to do a bit of magic-making before I can drag my coven away from Muffin the Mule.

Could you tell me what sort of magic?

Oh, nothing much; just done with tallow dolls and a bit of itching-powder. I raise shingles on their sit-upons, that's the principle. Main trouble is,

there's not been a girl of school age joined us since my Deanna, which is quite a time. It's hell beating up recruits. Why, I know families where there's three generations of witches behind the kids, and do you know what they all say?

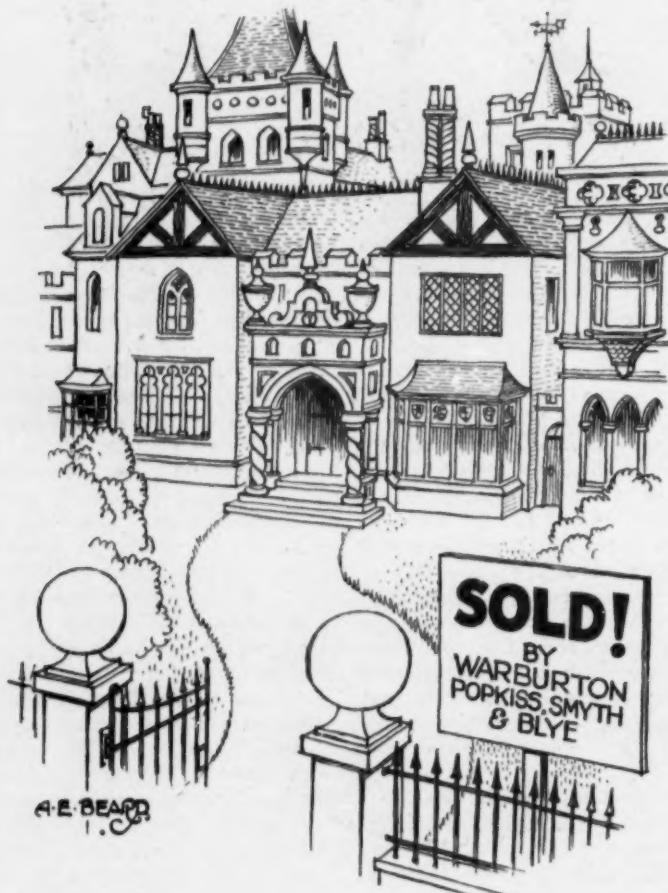
I should not like to venture a guess, Mrs. Hipkinson.

They say it's *rude*. *Rude!* That's a good one, eh? Well now, what about Candlemas? Falls on a Wednesday this time. Come along at dusk. Nudists' Hall, remember—first big building to the left past the traffic lights. Just knock. And don't you worry about the finger-pricking. I'll bring iodine and lint.

This is very kind of you indeed, Mrs. Hipkinson. I'll 'phone Barking Creek to-night and tell Robin how helpful you have been.

Don't mention it, young man. Well, here's my dump. Can't ask you in, I'm afraid, on account my little old familiar wouldn't probably take to you. But it's been a nice chat. O.K. then. On Candlemas Eve look out for three green frogs in your shaving-mug; I'll send them as a reminder . . . And mind, no funny business, Mister Clever! We welcome good sports, specially the college type like yourself; but nosey-parkers has got to watch their step, see? Last Lammas Arthur and me caught a reporter from the *North-Eastern Examiner* concealed about the premises. *Hey presto!* and we transformed him into one of them Australian yellow dog dingoes. Took him down to Regent's Park in Arthur's van, we did, and let him loose on the grass. Made out he'd escaped from the Zoological Gardens; the keepers soon copped him. He's the only dingo in the pen with a kink in his tail; but you'd pick him out even without that, I dare say, by his hang-dog look. Yes, you can watch the dingoes free from the "Scotsman's Zoo," meaning that nice walk along the park railings. Well, cheerio for the present!

Good-bye, Mrs. Hipkinson.



"Console Television Set offered for suitable Stamp collection or will sell."

Brighton Evening Argus

Shepherds Bush papers, please note.



You Too Can Talk Convincingly

ODD how one can go through life not aware of one's defects and shortcomings. Take me. For years I have noticed that people ducked down side streets when they saw me coming along, and chatting with someone at a party I found that it was never long before his eyes glazed over and he started yawning. "Up late," he would say apologetically. I seemed to meet nothing but night birds.

It was an advertisement in the book page of a New York paper that removed the scales from my eyes.

HOW TO BE
A CONVINCING TALKER
AND A
CHARMING CONVERSATIONALIST

it read, and it suddenly dawned on me that where I had been going wrong was in not talking convincingly and that something would have to be done about it.

Two courses, as I saw it, lay open to me:

- (a) To become a Trappist monk
- (b) To buy the book.

I chose the latter, and immediately

knew how right I had been. "Are you audible?" it asked me. "Are you clear? Pleasant? Flexible? Vigorous? Well modulated? Appropriate in melody? Appropriate in tempo? Gracious? Cadenced? Appropriate in volume? Able to express emotion? Agreeable in laughter?" and the answer was No. I was husky, hoarse, breathy, muffled, thin, indistinct, glottal, monotonous, jumbled, unacceptable in pronunciation and disagreeable in laughter. No wonder I hadn't convinced people. I wouldn't have swayed a jellyfish.

There were other questions.

"Are you never happy unless you have on 'spiffy' clothes and are appearing at some 'swell' place?"

"Are you tense and nervous, restless and scatterbrained?"

It depends what you mean by scatterbrained. I do sometimes go off into reveries, though never when in spiffy clothes at some swell place. Thus, I might be scatterbrained in a tea-shop, but not at Claridge's.

As far as the "charming" part of it went I was all right. I am full of charm. "Charm," says our author, "may be

defined as the ability to stir warm, delighted interest in people." Well, I do that. Only the other night during a welterweight contest at Madison Square Garden a man behind me addressed me in the warmest manner. We were complete strangers, but something about me —my charm, one presumes—made him feel that he had got to get into conversation with me. "Siddown, you louse in front," I think was what he said. There was no reason why he should have singled me out, except possibly that he could not see what was going on in the ring, but he seemed to wish it.

It is not an easy task that I have set myself, this of becoming a convincing talker. It is not just a matter of repeating such *morceaux* as "A box of mixed biscuits, a mixed biscuit box" and "Please sell me some short silk socks and shimmering satin sashes." You have to do all sorts of exercises. As I write these words I am lying on my back with a heavy book on my chest just where the ribs end and not only whispering softly but reciting in a loud voice, and presently I shall stand up, take a deep breath and see how long I can hold it. After that, off to the mirror, standing in front of which I shall stretch all my muscles, raise myself on tip-toe, throw my head back and roll it from side to side, and drop the lower jaw and repeat the word "lie-yah" some hundred times, finally bringing the lips back into the position of the round O. This is all going to take time and will cut into my day. I see no prospect of ever having leisure to put on spiffy clothes and go to swell places.

Nevertheless, I shall persevere, for convincing talk pays dividends. Thomas Lomonaco, a taxi driver, was driving his taxi the other week at Jamaica Avenue and 75th Street, Brooklyn, when Elmer Hinitz got in.

"Gimme about fifty cents' worth," said Elmer Hinitz.

At 80th Street he tapped Thomas Lomonaco on the shoulder.

"This is a stick-up," he announced. "Slip me your money or I will kill you."

"I have no money," said Mr. Lomonaco, "but I will slip you a cigarette."

He gave him a cigarette, and the





"Tie, sir?"

conversation proceeded along pleasant lines as far as 118th Street and Jamaica Avenue, when Mr. Lomonaco said "Why not let's go to the police station?"

And his talk was so convincing and his deportment so charming that Mr. Hinitz immediately agreed. A good idea, he said, and he is now in custody, held on \$1,000 bail.

To reporters Mr. Lomonaco stated that this was the second time he had been stuck up. The other time was in Williamsburg, where a passenger threatened him with a pistol. Mr. Lomonaco, says the daily paper to which I subscribe, "talked him out of the pistol." Obviously a man who must have spent months, if not years, lying on his back with a book on his chest and saying "Lie-yah" to himself in the mirror.

How different is the story of the two explorers who met on a narrow pass in the Andes, where there was not space for them to get round each other, this making the pass more like an impasse. Like all explorers, they were strong, silent men and for perhaps a quarter of an hour they stood gazing at each other without a word. Then it occurred to one of the two that he could jump past the other by leaping outwards and putting a bit of finger spin on himself. This he proceeded to do, but unfortunately the same idea had occurred simultaneously to the other explorer, with the result that they collided in mid-air and perished in the precipice.

This would not have happened if they had been convincing talkers.

Spartan Nactus

I AM so coarse, the things the poets see
Are obstinately invisible to me.
For twenty years I've stared my level best
To see if evening—any evening—would suggest
A patient etherized upon a table,
In vain. I simply wasn't able.
To me each evening looks far more
Like the departure from a crowded yet a silent shore
Of a ship whose freight is everything, leaving behind
Gracefully, finally, without farewells, marooned mankind.

Red dawn splashed back from windows facing east
Never, for me, resembles in the least
A chilblain on a cocktail shaker's nose.
Waterfalls don't remind me of torn underclothes,
Nor glaciers of tin cans. I've never known
The moon look like a hump-backed crone—
Rather, a prodigy even now
Not naturalized, a riddle blazing in a Cyclops' brow,
Not to be trusted, showing us on what a place
We crawl and cling, a planet with no bulwarks, out in space.

Never has the white sun of a winter's day
Struck me as *un crachat d'estaminet*.
I am like that odd man Wordsworth knew, to whom
A primrose was a yellow primrose, one whose doom
Retains him always in the class of dunces,
Compelled to offer Stock Responses,
Making the poor best that I can
Of dull things . . . peacocks, honey, the Great Wall, Aldebaran
Silver streams, cowslip wine, wave on the beach, bright gem,
The shape of trees or women, thunder, Troy, Jerusalem.

N. W.



Interesting Occasion

(*The local paper attends Parliament*)

THE scene at Question Time when we had the privilege of attending it last week was indeed a lively one. The tastefully decorated Chamber was well filled and among the keen spectators in the galleries was many a visitor from faraway climes. The Chair was expertly taken by the Speaker, Mr. "Shakes" Morrison, who was ably supported by the clerks at the Table in their striking accoutrements.

Among those on the Government Front Bench were many leading political personalities, nor was the Opposition Front Bench denuded of leaders of the nation. One of the opening questions emanated from Mr. "Dick" Crossman, the able and popular Member for Coventry East, who inquired concerning the issue of a pension to which one of

his constituents alleged himself to be entitled. In a telling reply, the able and popular Parliamentary Secretary requested further information.

There was much applause when Mr. "Nye" Bevan, whose wife is the able and petite Miss Jennie Lee, inquired when the President of the Board of Trade could indicate the date upon which he would make a statement about Trade with Rumania. The applause was renewed when the Minister in question suavely replied that he was unable to indicate as requested.

An irrefutable highlight of the sitting was the questioning of the Home Secretary upon the provision of fire-escapes at Airports by elegant and widely sought-after Dr. Edith Summerskill. Debonair Major Lloyd-George,

who admirably wields his heavy responsibilities for the conduct of "Home Affairs," opined that the responsibility was not his, a sally, needless to say, that elicited much amusement, as did the comment at a later stage by the much appreciated Chancellor of the Exchequer that he could not anticipate his Budget.

There followed the putting of a cluster of Private Bills from the Chair and these received their "go ahead" with acclamation.

More solid fare followed with the last day of the debate in which the Opposition were moving a Vote of Censure upon the Government. The opening speech was eloquently delivered by Mr. Herbert Morrison and much interest was evinced in the excellent remarks of the Right Honourable Member for Lewisham S., which included the shrewd point that to some minds the Government did not retain the fullest confidence of the country. This carefully thought-out speech was followed by what was indeed an oration by the Foreign Secretary, known to many as Sir Anthony Eden, who at many points found himself in friendly contradiction with the Deputy Leader of the Opposition, who had preceded him. Some of his main contentions were that never had the country had the benefit of so beloved an administration and that a horse could be brought to the water but not made to drink.

Among many other outstanding speeches, including those of Mr. Walter Elliot, the Members for North-East Leeds and Hastings and Mr. Freeman, that of the champion who wound up for the Government, the Prime Minister, was outstanding as was that of Mr. Attlee, the final speaker for the Opposition.

In the final vote the Government defeated the Motion by twenty votes, this victory being received with warm applause. The able and popular tellers were Sir Cedric Drewe and the Hon. Peter Legh for the Government and Messrs. William Whiteley and John Taylor for the Opposition. The witching hour approaching, the Speaker graciously brought the much enjoyed proceedings to a close.

R. G. G. PRICE





Truth is Stranger than Piltdown

By CLAUD COCKBURN

IN the race for the Nobel-Oscar Prize, awarded to the one who deceived most people most, no one is going to overlook the claim—recently reinforced—of Mr. Charles Dawson who, announcing in 1912 his discovery of the Piltdown Man, put Sussex up there with Neanderthal and Pekin. He threw the scientific world on its ear and kept it there for four decades. By his action on behalf of the South Downs this potent solicitor from Uckfield caused revision of encyclopaedias and textbooks, and occasioned almost all the Histories of the World to be rewritten—wrong. (Around 1918 a leading Scandinavian academician became the subject of scientific obloquy and contempt because he ventured, in a paper read to a learned society, to throw some doubt on the authenticity of *Eoanthropos Dawsoni*, or Dawson's

Dawn Man. The sceptic found himself out of a job.)

For a long while the consensus was that either Mr. Dawson had had a momentary aberration which blew up into something rather more earth-shaking than he had intended—had had, in fact, a bear by the tail—or else, as many contended, had been himself the victim of a hoax by some person or persons unnamed.

A couple of weeks or so ago this particular mystery of the twentieth century took, as a result of some cool detective work by the alertly studious forty-six-year-old Curator of the Hastings Museum, a new turn.

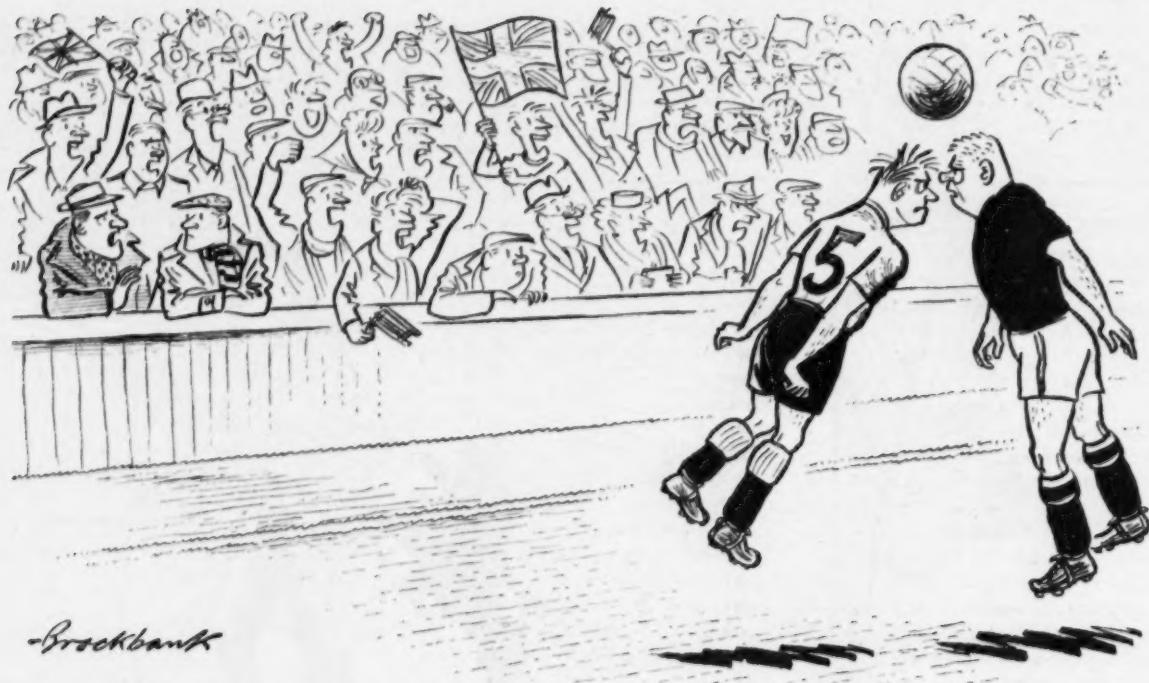
For some time this Mr. Mainwaring Baines, a Yorkshireman who started to be a doctor; took up archaeology instead; went to the war; was told when he emerged from it that he would never

walk again; gave up field work for history and museum curating; is now fit as a fiddle; but has grown to like curating museums and historical research; had been a little worried by some products of the Dawson activity other than them bones.

Recently he took occasion to remark—almost in an aside—in the course of a paper he was reading to museum fans in Hastings, that the character of the museum exhibits from the Dawson collection, which the Borough had purchased from Mr. Dawson's widow, gave cause for "alarm."

Mr. Baines is happy to emphasize that he is conducting no sort of vendetta against the ghost of Dawson—he just wants to keep his museum reasonably genuine.

There was a Roman statuette which probably isn't. There was a rather



"Personally, I would still have preferred Loader and Appleyard."

treasured exhibit which Dawson first, and then everyone else, had said was a Water Bailiff's tipstaff—and is nothing of the kind.

This suggested that Mr. Dawson, who had, in point of fact, bought the object from a pawnbroker in Canterbury, was a man more than ordinarily subject to fantasy. (It was fine romantic fantasy which appealed to everyone, and when the Prince of Wales went to Hastings in 1927 to open the White Rock Pavilion the Borough gave him a replica of this same tipstaff.)

The people who, since the Piltdown Man turned out not to be, had still said that Dawson must either have briefly erred or been a victim, had always pointed with pride and confidence to his History of Hastings Castle.

In these "two handsome volumes" published in 1909 "Mr. Dawson's most important archaeological work culminated," said his one-time associate, Dr. A. Smith Woodward, reverently writing Mr. Dawson's obituary in the *Geological Magazine* soon after Dawson's death in 1916.

And Mr. Postlethwaite, Dawson's stepson, wrote—at the time of the exposure—to *The Times* saying that it was inconceivable that a man so kind, upright, and above all so painstaking and erudite as the author of this History could have been up to any monkey business with Piltdown Man.

Now Mr. Baines has disclosed that as a matter of fact the History is no more than a very slightly emended rewrite of an unpublished MS History of Hastings Castle written in 1824 by a Mr. William Herbert. Dawson in his foreword took the not-so-naïve precaution of saying that he had "made full use" of this book. Which was no more than the literal truth and a good deal less than the truth *tout court*.

Considering that, quite possibly, Mr. Dawson has earned the title of the greatest hoaxer of the twentieth century, what would be really interesting to know would be Why did he do it?

A lot of hard-working investigators are working on this at the moment, and there are going to be books about it.

In the meantime it is possible to issue an interim report.

Since the man has been dead for thirty-eight years it is rather hard to be sure, but the probability, according to people who know what the form was on and around the South Downs in that eagerly forward-looking period of small-town life, is that he did it because his nature abhorred a vacuum. When he saw a demand he filled it.

His picture shows a man with a big, oblong head, the cranium balding and squarely massive, and a visage, with its big moustache, which recalls in turn the late Lord Kitchener, Mr. Jimmy Edwards, and Mr. Osbert Lancaster. He has a four-in-hand tie, and a white slip under his black waistcoat, and is altogether a fine figure of a solicitor.

Being a prosperous solicitor was well enough, but what were wanted, too, in provincial England at that period—say elderly men by the sea in Sussex who can remember still older men who knew Dawson in action—were pundits on this and that, who got the neighbourhood and neighbours a good name

for progress, awareness, and keen cultural interests. All-round men, not too academic, but in the broad swim.

Also, right through the 'nineties and up to the outbreak of World War One, there was more than ordinary interest in digging things up and making deductions—not just Sven Hedin and the Gobi and all that, but right here, around Hastings and St. Leonards.

Dawson did a lot of it, and the Iguanodon Dawsoni, dug out of the Wealden Formation, is proof that he dug to a purpose. (So brisk was the demand for significant fossils and relics of early man that the person known as Flint Jack—who moved in on the south coast from Lincolnshire and had learned to cut flints to suit pretty well nearly any theory anyone wanted to hold—made a good living, chopping away at flints and selling them to people who were keen to prove something, or have something tremendously antiquated and queer in their collection.)

Besides being a good man with an iguanodon, Dawson showed the neighbourhood to its delight that he understood practical, modern affairs too. He went to Heathfield, and there discovered the presence of Natural Gas.

He was vigilant, too, in the interests

of the Borough of Hastings, and once wrote them a letter warning them to be on their guard against buying forged Old Masters. He wrote down for their guidance a method of using a pin to scratch at the canvas and tell how old the paint was.

What with his History of the Castle and then Piltdown Man, he was a busy, happy man, who made everyone in the area feel happier and happier all the time.

"To a capacity for taking pains," said the writer of his obituary, "he added a sharpness of sight which never overlooked anything of importance . . . Mr. Dawson was a most versatile student, and during his last illness was investigating a development of incipient horns in a cart-horse."

When Piltdown Man blew up under modern methods of examination the people at the pub named after him were very much distressed. But an old man in the public bar of the "Piltdown Man" was recorded as expressing satisfaction, "I always said it was a sheep," he said.

Mr. Mainwaring Baines is also a little disturbed by the extent of the hoax now discovered. "It makes one wonder," he says broadly, "whether, perhaps . . ."

"You mean," I said, "whether

perhaps . . . I mean that there are *others . . . everywhere?*" Mr. Baines shrugged gloomily. I recalled the case of the Berlinese financier Weiss, who in the early 1930s absconded from Germany with a couple of million pounds' worth of the public's money, bought himself a new identity in Uruguay, became a leading member of the Uruguayan Ministry of Commerce, and, as Professor Norman, was taken on by Harvard University, where he lectured brilliantly on finance and exercised considerable influence on economic thinking in the United States at that period.

If the police had not broken in in the middle of one of his lectures he might by now have written an economic history of our times, or something of the kind. The parallel, I fear, will not much comfort Mr. Baines as he gazes nervously around at pundits and exhibits.

2 2

"Dr. H. St. John Ward has no fear of the radioactivity of a hydrogen-bomb attack. He is making himself a lead suit. 'I am certain I will be able to complete it successfully, and then I shall make another for my wife,' he said."—*Daily Mail*

Hardly gallant.



"Now look here—you charged me three-and-sixpence a half for these mushrooms."

A Party Meeting

THEN Attlee rose, that still, small voice of woe,
 Uncertain whence it came or where to go,
 Prim, stumbling, trite, ambiguous and drear
 (His words were very difficult to hear),
 Too insignificant indeed to see whole
 For one who was but looking through the key-hole.
 "In this most desperate hour of man's sore need,"
 He said, "it seems we're generally agreed
 That, for avoidance of a greater harm,
 It is required the Germans should rearm.
 But what of that? The Tories are in power.
 To them the burdens of this doubtful hour.
 So that the People's Party may combine,
 Needs must that all should toe the party line.
 Since some say this, some that, but all agree
 The highest need is Party unity,
 We'll all decide to hang about the place,
 To pull from time to time a sulky face
 And leave the Tory dogs to put it through,
 Thinking ourselves of something else to do.
 The times are stiff, and, lest the times get stiffer,
 Let us, dear friends, at least agree to differ.
 Let us agree, from fear of worse contention,
 All to join hands in general abstention.
 Let us embrace a bold constructive plan—
 Peace, Progress, what-not and the Rights of Man—
 And seal it, answering to the Party's call,
 By never voting anything at all."
 He spoke it once, then said it all again,
 Like one who has got pot-hooks on the brain.

Attlee sat down. The boys were rather rattled.
 Was this the cause for which Keir Hardie battled?
 Two years' conscription and a German army?
 Were they? or he? or who was going barmy?
 But Herbert Morrison, the Lord of Light,
 Assured them it was perfectly all right,



For those who were against could speak, but note
 That those in favour would not have to vote.
 "Of all the tangled tales of mouse and cat
 Who ever heard a fairer plan than that?
 Democracy, which by its very name
 Means everyone should always do the same,
 Now bids us, with a wealth of bla and blether,
 Do absolutely nothing all together."

He spoke. The gasping multitudes around
 Marvelled where so great wisdom could be found.
 The schemes of mice and men—Lord-love-a-duck—
 How very frequently they come unstuck!
 The plan was that the Bevanitic goat,
 With faith unfaithful, would record its vote.
 And thus (if goats can cook without abuse)
 The goats conveniently would cook their goose.
 Rings the division-bell—great God in Heaven—
 The lobby's here but where is Mr. Bevan?
 Tolls the division-bell—but tolls for whom?
 The goats were sitting in the Smoking Room,
 And all they caught—it would make an angel weep—
 Were six or seven fairly harmless sheep,
 Who, in a moodish way, without explaining,
 Insisted on abstaining from abstaining.

The *Tribune* boys, a baker's dozen strong,
 Sat firmly glued, not even a Foot put wrong.
 So Mr. Morgan Phillips wrote a letter
 And begged them to behave a little better,
 And said that if they didn't he, for one,
 Did really feel that something should be done.
 God bless the boys that toe the Party line.
 God rot all deviationists—that's fine.
 But lines are hard to toe, it's always found,
 If someone will go moving them around.
 Each one called Straight so long as it persists.
 This way to-day and that the next, it twists.

But John McGovern was a queerer shoot
 Of man's first disobedience and the fruit.
 The fruit he plucked was that, alone, he flatly
 Refused to disagree with Mr. Attlee—
 Maintained what Mr. Attlee said on Sunday
 Still curiously was also true on Monday—
 Argued, since Mr. Attlee spoke and wrote for it,
 He thought it only reasonable to vote for it—
 Indeed displayed that most peculiar hobby
 Of backing his convictions in the Lobby—
 Which means, as all agree who've ever heard 'em,
 Democracy's *reductio ad absurdum*.
 What graver fault, in all that clamant throng,
 Than being right when all the rest were wrong?

He kept his faith, while others on reflection
 Preferred to lose their soul and win the election.
 Each to his choice. They seem, upon the whole,
 Likely to lose the election and their soul.

CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS



It Sticks—and I am Ready to Depart

THE thirty-six-page Survey of British Adhesives published by *The Times Weekly Review* last Thursday is as good a thing of its kind as has ever been done. For glue fanciers and professional stickers the world over it seems likely to remain the definitive work on the subject for many years to come.

Ordinary householders, whose reading time has had to be pretty severely rationed since the onset of television, may be feeling the need for something a shade more concise. They have their adhesive problems too, but prefer, like the Prime Minister, to have them solved on one sheet of paper only. This may be it.

The basic British difficulty in manipulating the sticky stuff that comes out of tubes—which is what the ordinary man means by an adhesive, no matter what the nightingales sing in Printing House Square—boils down to a single fundamental mistake. I discovered this when I was running the popular Radio series "Why Not Come Screaming to Me with Your Troubles" and got (or "became the recipient of," if you prefer writing with a touch of nervous strength about it) a considerable postbag from would-be adhesive users. "Worried," for instance, wrote to me from Liss:

"I pierced the nozzle with a pin as directed, and then Mrs. Cartwright

rang me up about her boy's measles which is not a thing you can interrupt people by saying you are just mending the lid of an old tea-pot for. By the time I got back I had to pull the pin out with pincers, and that meant holding the tube in a vice as anybody whose left hand is not all that strong could have told you. Of course it shows what good glue it is, only when the pin did come out pretty well most all of the insides came out as well, as with bee stings. So what do I do now, with the vice stuck and my husband due back from Egypt any moment?"

Similarly, "Mother of Six" (Ealing) wanted to know "What do you do when so much of the stuff from inside the tube has got on the outside that you can't read the directions or even tell, whether you've got hold of Metallo ('It's Ideal for Leaky Radiators') or that stuff for making paper-chains the children had at Christmas? All I know is it sticks fingers together, so I had to write you instead of dialling."

Both these correspondents admit that they either read or attempted to read the directions on the tube before starting work. This is the fundamental mistake I mentioned earlier—and it is a point that *The Times* supplement, so far as I have read, nowhere makes. *Never read the directions.* A man, or woman for that matter, may start off with the firmest determination to stick the two halves of an earthenware toadstool

together and be done with it; but once he gets bogged down in the paragraphs under Preliminary Work—" . . . thoroughly clean all surfaces . . . any dirt, grease or rust . . . using a file where necessary"—the job is as good as not done at all. Initiative and enterprise have once again been stifled by grandmotherly interference.

Here then, notwithstanding *The Times*, is all that the ordinary man needs to know about adhesives:

(1) Anything printed on the outside of the tube is a deterrent and should be disregarded.

(2) Pressure sufficient to force adhesive material through a pinhole always exceeds the strength of the walls of the container.

(3) However much pours out of the nozzle of a tube left lying on its side, *nothing will emerge* when the same tube is inverted and drawn along the surface to be treated.

(4) When two tacky surfaces, A and B, are pressed together, the third, or pressing, surface (e.g. the fingertips, CC) will be found to be even tackier and, when withdrawn, will lift surface B clean off surface A.

Now get to work, not forgetting to spread sheets of newspaper on all chairs, settees, grand pianos, etc., where you are accustomed to lay your tube of adhesive while resting between rounds. You will find the Survey's thirty-six pages amply justified.

H. F. ELLIS

Composite Portraits: THE AIRPORT



Everycity Airport: Front Elevation, facing the Main Road

EVERYCITY Airport is little more than an hour's run from Everycity itself, being conveniently situated on a main road which its great fleet of colossal coaches shares with the innumerable cars, buses, lorries, trucks, vans, floats, mechanical horses and bicycles which approach or leave the city on that side.

The Airport buildings are (or will be, as the case may be)

Immediately in rear of the Hall is the hut set apart for the reception of outgoing and incoming passengers, constructed in some sort of compressed fibre, and distempered in dark duckweed green, with doors fairly recently painted in medium dun. The passengers' entrance has a small stoop of rust-proof corrugated sheeting, the roofing being of tarred felt, held in place by neat strips of wood substitute.

Everycity Airport:
Passenger Reception Lobby, showing Scheme of decorationEverycity Airport:
A corner of the
Passenger's
Waiting-Rooms

mainly of steel and concrete construction, faced with white marble: all buildings mainly or partly visible from the main road are, however, carried out in rather more local materials.

The Great Hall of the Airport is approached by steps of malachite, chalcedony and chrysoprase, with ivory inlay; the

Public Car Park, for the convenience of all those who come either to collect passengers or to see them off, is placed near one end of the main runway, whence an excellent view of the whole airfield can be obtained, with the airport buildings away in the middle distance.

Everycity Airport:
View of Airfield, from the Public Car Park

supporting columns of the door are of white jade, and the great doors themselves are of beaten bronze. The Hall itself is lined throughout with rare woods, with Corinthian columns of polished granite every twenty feet along its entire length; its mosaic floor depicts the harnessing of the forces of nature in the service of mankind.

On the opposite side of the main road are the grounds of the luxurious Airport Hotel. The hotel itself, a most necessary amenity for passengers who find themselves unexpectedly but quite unavoidably stranded by bad weather for indefinite periods, will be opened some time in 1965.

KENNETH BIRD



Memoirs of a Missionary

By EDWARD HYAMS

NOW that the Reverend Cosmo Imber is dead I am free to set down some of the things he told me during the last year of his life. Eighty of his years were spent on the Pattieson Islands,* mostly on Grand Pattieson, but sometimes in touring the islands, or on Queen Charlotte Island, where he built a small church and a sub-Mission. Mr. Imber was born in 1860, spent ten years at school in Dorset, and died at Canterbury after a year of retirement, at the age of ninety-three, in his sleep, and planning to return to his Mission.

One of the things he told me about was the Pattiesonian custom of declaiming poetry aloud. When he was a boy, he said, there were still many fine poets in the islands, and whenever one of these gifted men had a poem in his head, or, as Mr. Imber always said, in his heart, he followed the ancient tradition, gathered round him a group of people—Mr. Imber said they came quite willingly—and pronounced his poem. The listeners were, it seems, very critical, and a new composition would be much discussed.

Dr. Imber said that when his parents died in the great typhoon of 1885, when every banana palm on the islands was destroyed, he was the only European left on the islands. But although he was only twenty-five he resolved to carry on the work of the Mission. Only a score or so of the natives had been converted, but it would have been impious to leave them without a priest, and to give up evangelizing the others.

In one of the great storms which followed the typhoon a shipwrecked Dutch ship's master was washed ashore on Queen Charlotte Island and brought to Mr. Imber. The poor fellow was exhausted beyond hope of recovery, and died shortly afterwards, still clutching, pathetically enough, the megaphone through which, no doubt, he had shouted the order to abandon ship. This megaphone got into the hands of a famous poet, who conceived the idea of declaiming his works, by its means, to a larger audience. He used to stand before the Senate house (the constitution of the Pattieson Islands is republican), a long,

single-storey building of bamboo and banana leaves, and shout his poetry through the megaphone, so that several hundred people could hear him, many of them of the slave or labouring class, who therefore had never been free to attend one of the groups about a poet.

Other poets at first said that they considered this to be vulgar, but when the megaphone poet offered to lend them the instrument they availed themselves of his generosity. The owner kept his right in the megaphone clear by insisting on introducing the other poets before they recited.

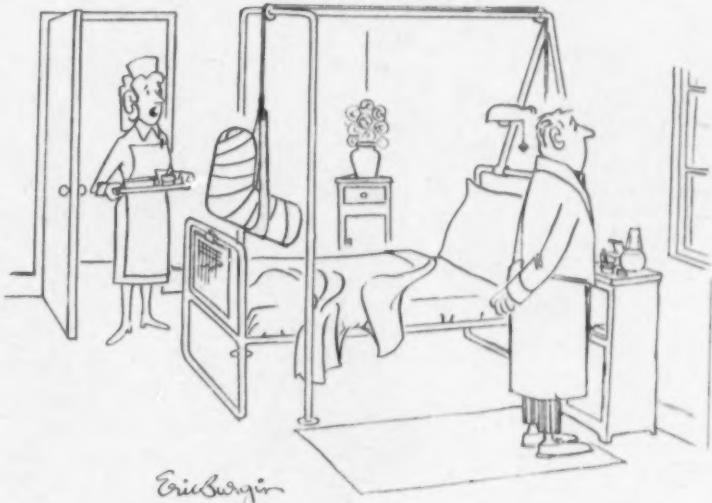
Soon, however, the other poets employed craftsmen to copy the megaphone, for which purpose they used a kind of pinewood, in the working of which the islanders are very skilful. After that, Dr. Imber said, the noise of many poets declaiming through megaphones was deafening, very disagreeable, and sometimes quite maddening. And the confusion was great, since there was hardly a place in the islands where one was not within earshot of an epic, a lyric, or a political or social satire, all at the same time. The oral historical tradition became corrupted, and the news of the day was garbled.

The island poets, Dr. Imber said, had always had much influence on the shaping of manners, policies and

institutions by the ideas which they incorporated in their declamations. These had filtered down to the industrious, but free, poor, whose voices in the Senate house, at the quarterly palavers, were most numerous. Even the slaves in the fields and workshops were not denied this stimulant. And the people who actually formed the groups about each poet were often men of consequence in the Government or economy of the islands.

But after the megaphones had put every citizen within earshot of the poets it was found that the resulting confusion of ideas, although it stimulated discussion, inhibited action. An artisan had no sooner heard a poet make fun of the new measure for education than, before he had a chance to discuss the arguments, he heard another poet proclaim the measure admirable; and in the end, unable to conclude anything, the man stayed away from the Senate house. Nevertheless, Mr. Imber said, he thought the change would have been beneficial in the long run had it not been for another development.

Before I come to that, however, there is the curious discovery which the poets made and which modified their traditional styles. Those whose thought was complex and subtle found that the megaphones did not answer, for you



"And who said you could get up yet, Mr. Bromley?"

* Discovered by Abel Pattieson in 1760.
Lat. 25° 5' S. Long. 20° 2' W.

cannot bawl a delicate argument in elaborate verse forms. Now that audiences were more numerous it was found necessary to simplify style and change forms which had no traditional meaning or evocative power for busy artisans. This simplification, which Mr. Imber, with some bitterness, did not hesitate to call vulgarization, nevertheless had some good results. By making use of vernacular terms the poets strengthened their style; but they became so interested in this new technique that they tended to lose touch with their material.

Once the poets began to use language and to deal in ideas the full understanding of which asked little of the listener's intelligence, instruction or imagination, not only were they forced to abandon important but difficult themes, but certain idle busybodies, who desired the power which words might give them over their fellow-citizens, concluded that it was easy to be a poet, and that the first essential was a very large megaphone. Megaphones therefore got bigger and bigger, and although there were fewer of them, the noise made with them was almost intolerable. Many of

these immense machines could be heard all over any single island, but the ideas so propagated were necessarily so simple as to be false and vulgar, for there is, Mr. Imber said, no more dangerous falsehood than that of unmodulated simplicity. And as the declaimers through the big megaphones were not really poets, they used a degraded and vulgar travesty of the ancient tongue, a sub-language or jargon which had none of the precision of the real language. And when reproached for their ugly and misleading jargon, the megaphone owners defended themselves by proclaiming the virtues of the simple and common, and by sneering at the complexities of real literature as pretentiously obscure.

Moreover, Mr. Imber told me, the very big megaphones were very expensive: not one but a syndicate of craftsmen was required to make them, and much material. Such syndicates might, and often did, demand as many as one hundred pigs for a single instrument, and no single islander was so rich that he could afford to pay away so many pigs at once. But the big megaphone owners overcame this difficulty

in a very ingenious fashion. They visited such workshop-owning master craftsmen as had mats, tools and cooking pots of their manufacture for sale; and they offered to proclaim the superior excellence of these articles in the intervals between poems in return for a payment of pigs. The manufacturers agreed to this proposal, but insisted that even the poems should contain praises of their goods, and that the megaphone owners should attack, by satire, innuendo or even downright lying, a plan which was being canvassed among workshop slaves, and which had been devised by a poet since dead of starvation, for the emancipation of the slaves and communal ownership of the workshops.

Mr. Imber thought that it was in 1929 or 1930, one of them a stormy year of gales and typhoons, that a small American vessel was cast away on the outlying Prince Charles Edward Island, a mere rock inhabited only by a family of fishermen. All hands were lost with the exception of the wireless operator, an ingenious and conscientious youth, who, when the weather permitted, insisted on going out to the wreck of his ship in a canoe; and who, by



numerous journeys, brought all his gear ashore.

Learning that there was little chance of his being taken off by a ship for a year, when the Mission schooner would call with a cargo of tracts, the young man after the manner of his nation, cast about for profitable employment. He was interested by the megaphone poets, admiring particularly the largest megaphones; but he pointed out that by electronic amplification it was possible to make far more noise than by mere mechanical methods. With great energy he set about erecting a huge loud-speaker, fed by a microphone through an amplifier. And when he tried it out it was found that his voice reached like thunder to the farthest limits even of those islands most distant from Grand Patteson.

Naturally, every poet in the islands, and every workshop master, was anxious to make use of this device, and at first the young wireless man was successful and soon had five hundred pigs in his sties. Mr. Imber admitted that he felt obliged to make use of the new contrivance for the Mission, lest his own still, small voice be perfectly inaudible in the uproar. He had to draw heavily on the Mission stics for fees; but soon, as he went about among the people, he made a most disconcerting discovery.

This discovery was that the terrible noise, which for many years now had sounded over the islands from the megaphones, had produced in the islanders a dullness of hearing which, in many sad cases, amounted to actual deafness. People could still hear some of the loudest megaphones and, of course, the electrical megaphone, but the smaller ones were now inaudible. And such sense as was still conveyed by the big megaphones was so lost in the noise they made that the people could hardly apprehend it. Neither the ancient literature, nor the work of such living poets as still composed from the heart, could now be heard at all, and so it soon ceased to be declaimed.

Mr. Imber said that after a few more years the minds of the Patteson Islanders could be reached, through the ears, only by a few very loud and elementary sounds: the noise of exploding bombs, for example; or the deafening yells, electrically amplified, of those demagogues with the largest lungs and the simplest ideas.



"No, Harry, let's go Dutch—you use your expense account, I'll use mine."

Blanco

PIPECLAY for glory when the coats were red,
 And muskets more than man-size, and fifes shrill,
 And hollow squares broken in hot lands;
 And Shropshire lads, faced with a lonely bed,
 Abandoned Sunday larks on Bredon Hill
 And brought their bones to be bleached in desert sands.

Blanco for pipeclay, simplified, and white,
 Legitimately named. But war changed
 Overnight on the veld. A soldier must
 Creep and be cunning and lie down to fight
 In khaki and puttees. Splendour was estranged
 With whining Indian words which smelt of dust.

Khaki blanco for trenches and Old Bill
 And disillusioned citizen volunteers
 Determined under the interminable rain:
 Peace parades, polished brasses and platoon drill
 For O.T.C.s in the uneasy years
 Wondering why on Salisbury Plain.

Blanco, in all shades to jungle green,
 Barely surviving after a total war
 As a chore the National Service man discards.
 Only blanco, white as it should have been,
 Kept for the Guards. Everything as before.
 But not blanco surely—pipeclay for the Guards.

P. M. HUBBARD

Moby Dick Spouts Again

By ANTHONY POWELL

CALL me Onassis. I was born in Hellas, but deemed it better to become of the Argentine. Some months ago—never mind how long precisely—having less than two or three million in my purse, and nothing particular to interest me on shore, I thought I would organize the watery part of the world. It is a way I have for directing attention to marine insurance premiums and regulating prices on the shipping markets. When I find myself pausing before the tape machine or bringing up the rear of a queue of steel tycoons outside a telephone booth—then I account it high time to administer the sea as well as I justly can.

Peru! Take up the *Financial Times* and look at it. See what a real corner of the Stock Exchange it is, more lonely than a Saudi Arabian oil monopoly. Look at it—a mere South American

republic, created from ink and Incas. Look now at this wondrous traditional story of how these same Incas did pursue and slay the salt-sea mastodon, that whale that did enclose Jonah within offshore territorial waters. If they, why not I, with my Panamanian Scandinavian Teutons and my policy at Lloyd's, sailing the watery element under ordinary war risk insurance?

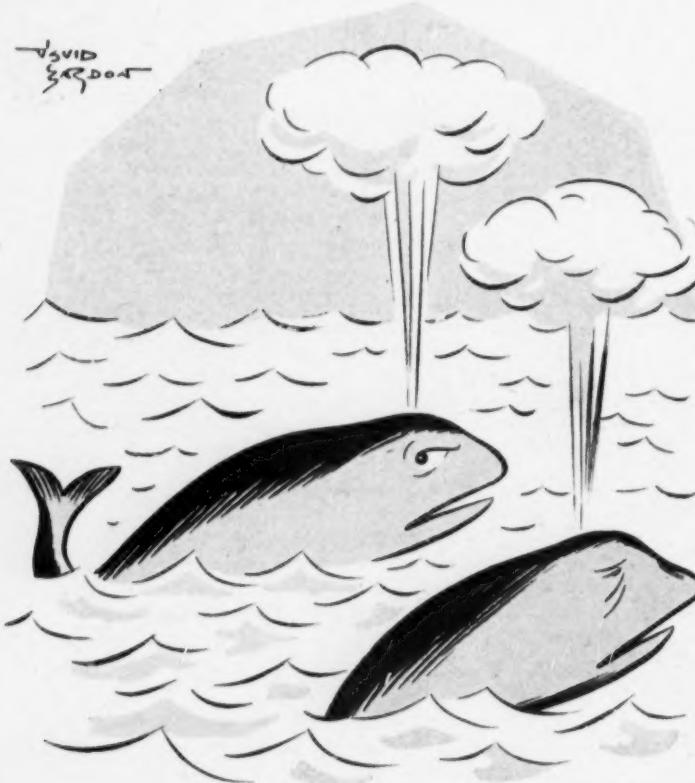
I freely assert that no one was more flabbergasted than myself when these Peruvian hermit crabs did claim that they owned the liquid wastes no less than two hundred miles out into the boundless ocean; thereby setting bounds where no bounds may rightly be. Aye, aye, my merry lads, we were chasing the great Leviathan, in his multitudes nigh a thousand strong—it might be four or five hundred miles from the Incan coasts, when—ah, the world! oh, the world!—there did appear from the heavens that which in no whimsiness

had any whaleman before considered, albeit pirates and privateers are no strangers to your harpooner. This thing, this inscrutable, volatile, wing-borne, the Peruvian National Air Force, no less. Great was the activity on board the *Olympic Challenger*, 13,000 tons, our factory ship, glorious princess of the Pacific coast, logs overboard, papers destroyed, turn about, bombs, explosions, devilish, remorseless work, aimed at our nineteen little craft.

Consider this all; consider what money there is to be made; consider also what is to happen if Incas, hermit crabs, sheikhs, tsars, kings, commissars, democratic republics, are to claim not only the earth but the sea itself, whenever and wherever it may suit them at that particular moment.

Consider Lloyd's in insular, incommunicable Leadenhall Street. Consider *Lloyd's List and Shipping Gazette*. Then turn to that green, gentle, most docile Foreign Office. Did they not, in their calm, self-collected, Socratic wisdom, indite an epistle to these same Peruvians, and eke Chilians and Ecuadorians, their neighbours, a letter in which, with many friendly signs and hints, they hoped to engage the interest of these peripheral ones, to the effect that Her Majesty's Government was loath to recognize the Incan claim to territorial waters extending two hundred miles out into the unharvested sea—nay, more, that any such claim could be considered no farther than three miles, the last qualified by quaint, kindly, subtle reference to principle. In the high summer month of August was this epistle dispatched; nor was answer expected, it being jovially thought—where the great ones of the Foreign Office socially congregate—that there could not lurk in any absence of answer civilized hypocrisies or bland deceits. And it was, indeed, known that the great house above mentioned did possess a *locus standi*, in respect of insurance, because Her Majesty's Government did not agree to limits which it was sought to impose.

Yet, what of the underwriters? (and what, too, of the over-writers, such men as myself, perchance?). Is there for them no mercy, no power, where the appalling ocean surrounds the verdant land?



"Phew! 201 miles! . . ."



Song for Three Ageing Voices

Statesman:

I'VE taken time off
From Malenkov,
And the hydrogen bomb is delayed;
Instead of atomics
I'm reading the Comics,
For I'm leading a new crusade
To find by statistics
(To hell with ballistics)
The exact amount of gore
A child can survive in '55
Who escaped in '44.

So we'll ban every Martian war lord, and we won't let
the little ones know
Daddy played with liquid fire not so long ago.



Press Lord:

We have to allow
A few Mau Mau
To disturb the adult Press,
But not a word of terror
In the *Juvenile Mirror*
Shall cause your child distress.
For we'll ban Hiroshima and we'll ban Nagasaki, and
we won't let the little ones know
About the bomb our leaders dropped ten years ago.

Archbishop:

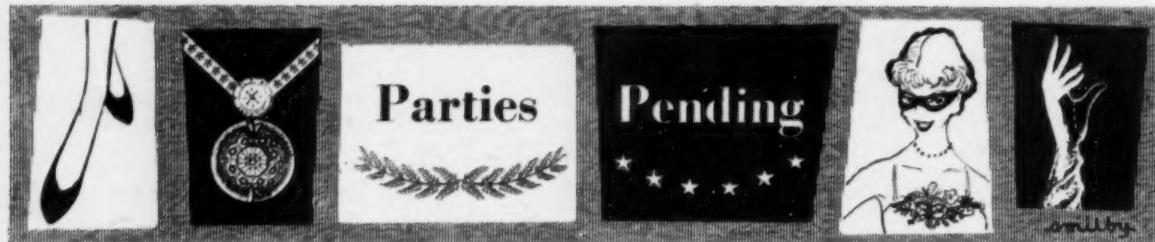
We are cutting *Kings*
Of barbarous things,
For Convocation feel
Your tender child
Should not be defiled
By an—incident—in Jezreel.
So we'll ban Jehu, and we'll ban Ahab, and we won't
let the little ones know
More than a modified version of Golgotha two thousand
years ago.

GRAHAM GREENE



GIOVANNETTI

"MAX," a collection of drawings of Giovannetti's hamster, has been published by the Macmillan Co. of New York, 10 South Audley Street, London, W.1, at 15s.



VENING dresses have had their ups and downs over the years; but now things have come to such a pretty pass that we have to take the ups with the downs and go to all lengths in one and the same season. The Cynthia of this minute may float in cumulous clouds of star-sequined tulle; or she may present a directly opposite manifestation—an incendiary in curt crimson taffeta, shot with flame. She can invite dreams, or murder sleep. Whether to wear a short dress or a long dress is the dilemma in which many a maiden, many a madam, will dither this winter party season, in a fresh agony as each successive invitation card becomes current business.

It is vain to seek masculine help with the idea that black tie or white tie can be the guide. For in these harsh times it is a common spectacle to see ball-gowned beauties with tailless partners. Neither can age be the yardstick. Within the two ages of woman now obtaining—the young and the not-so-young—there are so many marginal cases. And it is not the young who wish to look it. Theatre going, dining in restaurants, dancing out—these require short evening dresses. A hunt ball is a ball, and demands a ball gown. But for private dinners and dances, for country house junkettings and Assembly Room bumpettings, the choice must be an individual one; every woman for herself, according to her mood, her height, her breadth, and taking into account her square feet.

If these last, and their ankles, are too British for the so Continental evening shoes with their so pointed toes, why reveal them? Conversely, why conceal them if they have the slim elegance which is enhanced by the new high-heeled Spanish pumps in festive glitter cloths, or by the slender Italian sandals with their tall heels tapering to less than a lira? Some have semi-circles of rhinestones round the heel; some have a

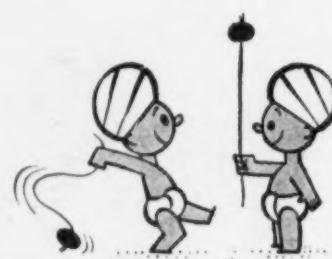
strip of jewels across the instep as their sole support. Too fragile these, one would say, for the delicious fatigues of the dance. Certainly those who take the floor for exercise rather than romance will prefer the high-heeled but highly comfortable satin pumps, which can now be individually dyed to match the dress.

Touching the topic of the strict silhouette, in the evening this affects only the torso; after dark, fullness and grace abound from the hips. Excellent interpretations of the Paris line have been shown in London by the Casa Fontana couture house of Rome. A full-skirted tulle gown had a double-breasted tunic bodice of velvet carried right up to a straight neckline, thus promoting the long narrow look. Other models achieved the essential one-piece bust by square necks with shoulder straps. Tucked into these straight décolletées were softening notions, looking rather like flowers in a basket; although flowers, in fact, were never used. It was pink chiffon embroidered with pearls, frothing from a black velvet dress; it was turquoise beading filling the corsage of a black jersey dinner dress. It was sometimes mink, sometimes ermine. For the privileged young there were ball-gowns of illimitable organza, white and palest pink, white and palest green.

With the dresses go the stoles. These are so essential now to the apparatus of evening that stole-control should be a subject in the curriculum of every finishing school: no young lady sent out into the world until she has learnt to keep body and stole together . . . until she has mastered the double-twist round the elbow for dancing, the deft swathe round the head for entrances and exits. These staircase débuts and doorway dramas can be perfected by the long sweeping velvet cloaks which were also a feature of the Fontana collection. But the wrap to remember is that of a London designer, Shelaigh Galitzine—a theatre coat in petunia pink corded silk, dramatic and operatic, with huge swathed cape collar; the feminine, as it were, of the new masculine cape-coats, with their brilliant satin linings.

Party gloves are long, above the elbow, pastel coloured. Evening bags are more pouchy than pochette, beaded in technicolour to correspond with costume jewellery, which appears more frequently than real jewels. It is designed in sets of matching earrings, necklace, brooch, bracelet; and those with long hair may with advantage buy an extra bracelet to encircle the chignon. For the hair must be dressed for the evening; if not with a string of jewels or pearls, then with a little Givenchy chignon cap, or with a Balenciaga curlicue of ribbon and feathers, which can be worn with both long and short hair. In the shops there are tortoiseshell combs with artificial roses and velvet ribbons attached; and one Mayfair scissor-man showed his short-cut hairstyles for this season with the models wearing posies of fresh flowers pinned to the backs of their heads. Charming—but, like beauty itself, “a doubtful good . . . lost, faded, broken, dead within an hour.” Nature is seldom a better buy than art.

ALISON ADBURGHAM



ROY DAVIS

Hot for Certainties

By MARGHANITA LASKI

WE recently read in the papers that someone was nasty to a negro. Will the panel give us its views on the so-called Colour Bar?

Great Empire of ours . . . other human beings . . . scientists assure us . . . some of our best friends' best friends . . . must admit that we wouldn't like our own daughter . . .

We hear a lot lately about rearming the Germans. Did we ought to?

You can (can't) indict a whole nation and needs must when the devil drives. Mind you, we do (don't) sympathize with the French and could have wished. We all of us hate and loathe the very idea of war but.

What three books would the panel choose to take on a desert island?

The Bible and Shakespeare and that great compendium of human laughter and tears *Don Quixote*. The Bible and Shakespeare and because I read very quickly the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, ha ha ha. The Bible and Shakespeare and a book of mathematical problems. The Bible and Shakespeare and I hope you won't think I'm very arrogant but a blank notebook.

Does the panel approve of obscenity?

The panel approves very strongly of good Mr. Justice Stable. It is against fourteen-year-old schoolgirls, sadism, horror comics, the deliberate purveying of pornography and all forms of censorship.

What is the panel's current political viewpoint?

On my left the Conservative party line, on my right the Labour party line, left centre the plain blunt farmer and no more agricultural committees, and right centre you can't help feeling is terribly sincere if a teensy bit too idealistic.

Does the panel think that television will kill reading?

Never! Never! Never! Never! Never . . . ?

We heard on the radio last night that a murderer has been condemned to death.

Does the panel agree with capital punishment?

Yes. No. Yes. No. If I may be forgiven a second word, I'd like to point out that, according to statistics, in Scandinavia . . .

Is the panel of the opinion that English cooking ought to be improved?

One of us had a very good meal in an hotel the other day, and one of us didn't. Another of us had a French pub provide an omelette with a smile at midnight, and our farmer friend would give all your foreign kickshaws for a great bloody sirloin of English roast beef. On the whole the panel feels that English cooking can be very good indeed but could be improved and is passing to the next question.

To what does the panel attribute the present decline in church-going?

We don't blame the people, of course, and we certainly don't blame the priests, but if we may speak frankly among friends, we do feel that both priests and people are in some measure to blame.

Does the panel think that TV will make us into a nation of viewers rather than doers?

Our own kiddy has almost given up looking. Our grandparents made their own entertainment and were very much better for it. The good old days are very much over-rated look at the infantile mortality rate. When you read about Miss Pat Smythe, you feel there can't really be much wrong with the British people in whose innate good sense we put our trust. We can't, mind you, admit we do much viewing ourselves, but

then that's the great difference between us up here and you down there.

Please could the panel explain just what is meant by Convertible Reciprocity?

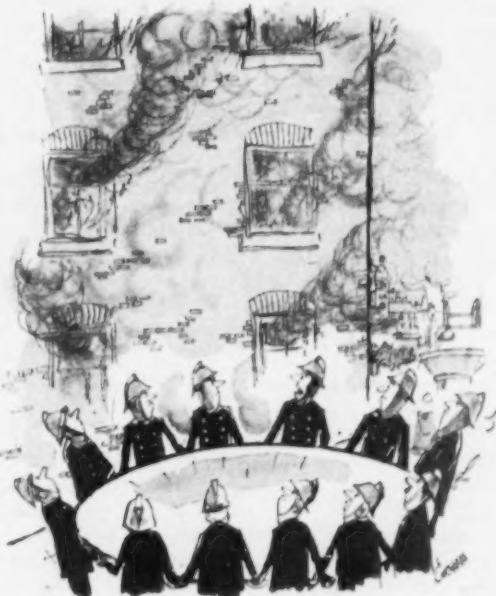
We leave that very ticklish question to our old friend who must admit he's never quite sure himself but is doing his best for us, and has anybody anything they want to add, oh dear me no, nothing but gratitude for so much enlightenment so late in life.

Polonius's advice to his son is a model of good sense but is it really useful? What advice would the panel give to a young man just starting in life?

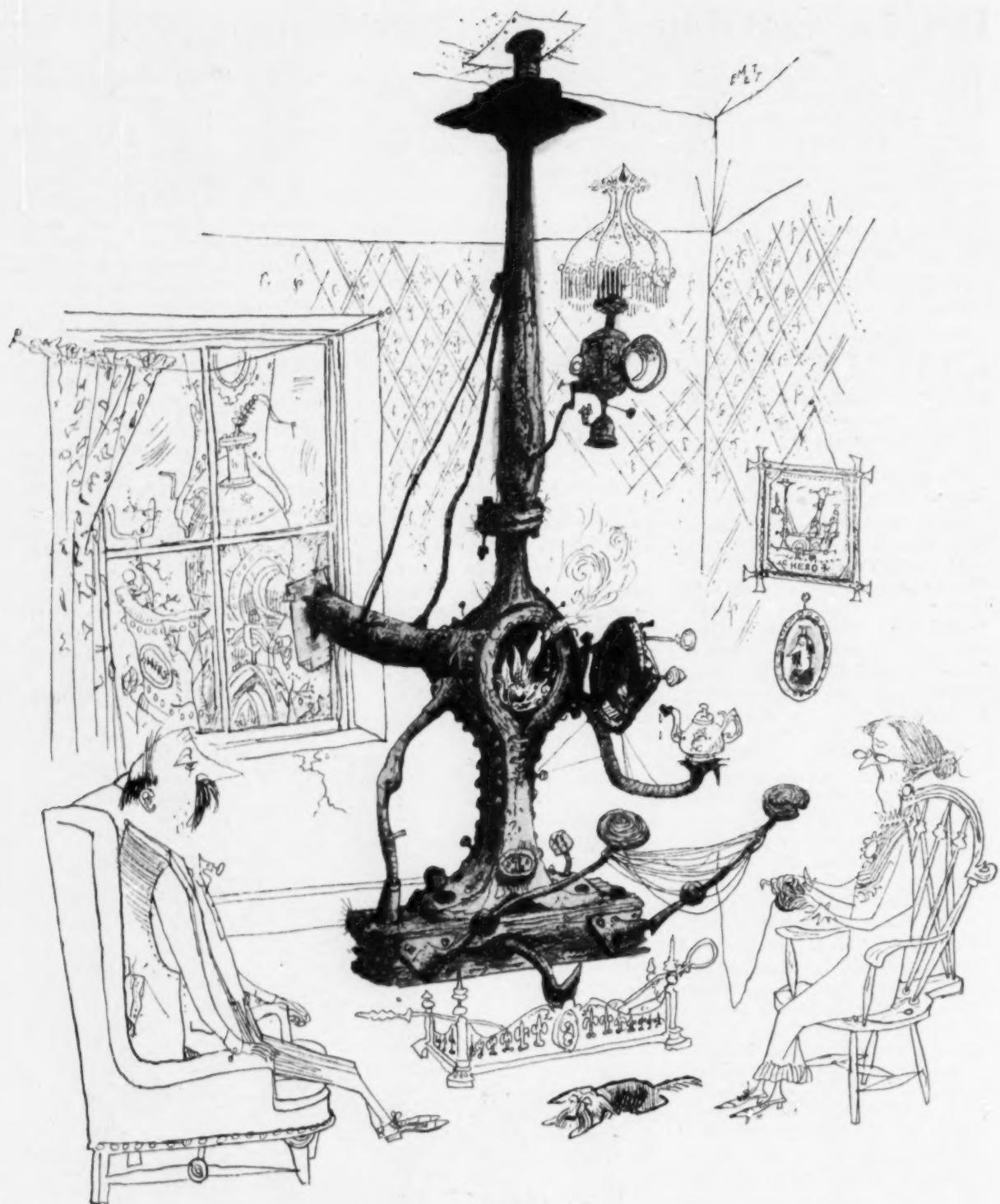
We first define *useful* in a very spiritual way. Then there's that remark of our old friend Dr. Johnson . . . of our old friend the late Prime Minister . . . those beautiful words of the poet . . . and a dialect saying in our part of the world which goes *blah blah blah blah mcock*.

 7

"Beach Flies Attracted to London by Solvent Smell."—*Marylebone Chronicle*
Carey Street by-passed?



"Perhaps there's no-one at home."



"I thought they would have given you a cuckoo clock when you retired..."

Rouble, Rouble, Toil and Trouble

By CHARLES REID

ARAM KHACHATURIAN tied up as many loose ends as he could before leaving. He fixed with the Bolshoi and Kirovsky theatres to spend a million roubles on mounting his new *Spartacus* ballet. He picked up eight film contracts, signed one, threw away seven. He said he *might* be free next summer to write incidental music to Shakespeare's *Othello* as well as *Macbeth*. Or he *might not*. He promised the State publishing house three concertos and a song in praise of the Red Army, "protector," as he puts it, "of our Peace and Creative Works." He took a well-pleased last look over the bigger and better flat earmarked for him by the Mayor of Moscow's housing bureau. Then he made off in his chauffeur-driven Pobeda for the airport and a month in London.

He has since been holding forth affably at parties and on platforms.

For twenty years Khachaturian has been giving The People the sort of music the Kremlin, if not The People, wants: rejigged Borodin, snake-charmer tunes, echoes of 'twenties jazz, hulking symphonic movements which are to the concert hall what ferro-concrete statuary is to parks of popular culture and rest. Embedded in all this are nuggets of undeniable talent and much technical resource.

Success has made Khachaturian plump, calm and self-assured. Already his name is on marble for Posterity in the main hall of Moscow Conservatory, although this looks rather like a gibe to me. It was precisely because he had been composing for Posterity that Khachaturian, with Prokoviev and Shostakovich, his betters, came in for such a cuffing from the Central Committee of the Russian Communist Party six years ago. The Central Committee told him to stop being anti-People and write readily understandable music for "living, contemporary audiences."

"And that," he says, "is just what I do. My concerts are crowded. I get wonderful audiences—not only intellectuals but workers, peasants, modest people. They don't come for the sake of my beautiful eyes. The only thing that would make me faint is an empty hall. If music pleases one generation it

will please the next. That is the only way to reach Posterity. Every great symphony, every great opera was enjoyed in its day."

"But *Carmen* wasn't, Mr. Khachaturian. It flopped badly at the *Comique* in 1874."

"Yes, yes. There's a simple explanation however. *Carmen* was the first opera to have a democratic heroine, a heroine who was a woman of the people. The aristocratic audiences of the time were shocked. That is why *Carmen* failed."

The problem had been turned into a Marxian parcel, neat and nonsensical. Khachaturian beamed modest triumph.

He has long since put the cuffings of 1948 behind him. The music decrees of the Central Committee did not make him change his way of life or his artistic principles by as much as that, he says, measuring off the little-finger nail of his left hand with the thumbnail of his right. What does make him restive, I suspect, is officially fostered self-criticism.

Every week Soviet composers meet at the bidding of the Minister of Culture to hear new music and pull it to pieces.

Khachaturian often presides and is occasionally required to give a casting vote on whether some *Octobrist Symphony* or *Ode to a Norm* should be commended to the State radio or damned. Uneasy phrases escape him: "I don't think criticism is a very pleasant thing. Still, we are used to it... A composer is told his work is no good. Not only for that night but probably for a whole week he sleeps badly..."

The sour cream of a sardonic jest is that composers have always been obtuse, even intolerant, about each other's works. Read Britten on Puccini, Vaughan Williams on Mahler, Berlioz on Wagner, Wagner on Berlioz, Schumann on Bellini, Mendelssohn on Liszt, Delius on everybody. Khachaturian quotes a proverb from Armenia, where he was born: "If anybody casts an evil eye on you, spit over your left shoulder." But then he is a successful man and can afford to be nonchalant. He toils for his success like a Volga boatman; composes in six genres, lectures at two crack academies, writes about music in Party prints, careers across a sixth of the earth's surface on conducting tours.

But the rewards! His rouble talk is the most joyously extrovert thing that has come out of Russia since Chaliapin. I heard him tell an S.C.R. audience about his villa outside Moscow, his house in Armenia, the chauffeur he pays, the eleven mouths he feeds. He told of his emoluments, twenty thousand roubles a month, his Stalin Award Second Class (worth fifty thousand roubles) and his three Stalin Awards First Class (worth three hundred thousand roubles). Then there are royalties. His friend Isaac Dunayevski, the songwriter, touches fifty thousand roubles a month—"enough to paper his house with... You'll understand what this means when I say that in the Soviet Union a good engineer gets two thousand roubles a month."

At this point a surviving reader of *The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism*, who until then had thought Marxism would lead to a classless society and equalized incomes, huffed out of his aisle seat and stomped from the Rudolf Steiner Hall into the night. He was swearing softly into his beard.



Monday, November 22

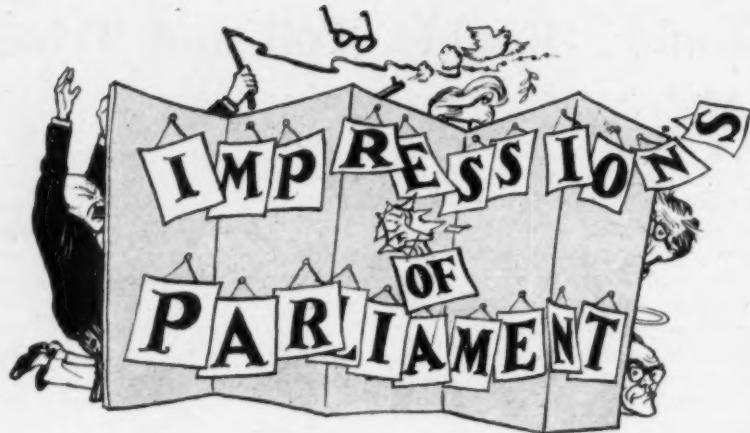
DR. KING'S innocent - seeming clause in the Pests Bill making criminal the deliberate spreading of myxomatosis claimed its first victim in the Lords, where the Earl of DUNDEE, a Member of the committee investigating this disease,

House of Lords:
The Pests
House of Commons:
Town and Country
Planning

slipped off the committee and announced his implacable hostility to such a step. Lord SALISBURY soothed him with the assurance that it was by no means unusual for the Government to ignore the advice of an advisory committee and the matter was allowed to pass without a division.

In the Lower House there were resounding cheers when young Mr. JOHN WOOLLAM, the hero of West Derby, walked modestly up the Chamber between Mr. BUCHAN-HEPBURN and Mr. KENNETH THOMPSON to take the oath and his seat. By way of riposte, Mrs. BRADDOCK, who seems to have taken the West Derby result as a personal slight, called out something about "Out of the fog" and "The most frightened man in Liverpool," but Mr. WOOLLAM took no notice of this piece of heckling. Not so the Strangers Gallery, who find Mrs. BRADDOCK the second most entertaining exhibit in the Parliamentary aquarium after the Prime Minister, and craned forward in their seats to catch a glimpse of the Member who didn't want to go down to posterity alongside Sir WINSTON CHURCHILL.

There were a hundred and fifty odd Lords' amendments to the Town and Country Planning Bill, which inspired Sir LYNN UNGOED-THOMAS to complain that he "had never seen a bill which



contains such a jumble of gibberish." Other Opposition speakers popped up one by one to agree with Sir LYNN, but understood or not, the amendments were agreed to. Perhaps the sight of Mr. ENOCH POWELL on a Government back bench with an array of books and papers beside him brought them courage. Mr. POWELL understands everything.

Tuesday, November 23

There was no scene in their Lordships' House over German rearmament comparable with the Silvermanite

House of Lords:
Western Europe
House of Commons:
Television Hiccup

revolt in the Commons, but the Silvermanite point of view did not lack an advocate. Lord STANGATE laboured under the familiar strategical delusion that if you had nuclear weapons you did not need infantry, an argument that in one form or another must be as

old as gunpowder. Lord RUSSELL OF LIVERPOOL, whose attitude to Germans cannot be entirely uncoloured by recollections of the occasion when a crowd of them who had failed to get out of the way of his car quickly enough tried to turn it over, took the opportunity to deny that his book *The Scourge of the Swastika* was intended to stir up hatred against Germans as a whole. Too hasty formation of a new German army would, however, in his opinion attract just the kind of German against which his book presumably was desired to stir up hatred, the veterans of the last war who "wanted to bring back the old spirit of the Prussians." However, the noble Lord felt that rearmament had progressed too far now to be dropped, and in the circumstances he supported the Government.

At a quarter past seven their Lordships postponed further discussion to the following day.

During the first of the two debates which occupied the Commons, Members' minds were mostly up in the Committee Room with the Parliamentary Labour Party, where the *peine forte et dure* was being applied to the seven who had voted against the Whips the previous Thursday. By the time the occasion came to divide on the British Transport Commission (Organization) Scheme Order, the Opposition benches had been enriched by the addition of seven new Independents.

The Opposition's motion of censure on the way the Television Act was working produced an unexpectedly boring debate. Mr. HERBERT MORRISON opened with an attack on the programme contractors, whom he anthropomorphized as Lord Kemsley and Lord Rothermere; and Mr. DAVID GAMMANS came back at him with Mr. Sidney



"I think the right hon. Gentleman sees himself as a Sir Galahad with a mission to save the British people from a fate worse than death." —Mr. Gammans

Bernstein, "a fully paid-up member of the Labour Party." (Nobody inquired about the politics of Mr. Maurice Winnick.) Other Members found the most sinister character involved to be Miss Dilys Powell, who must have been amazed to learn of the powers she was credited with. The debate became, as Mr. CROOKSHANK said later, a "back-wash of the summer debates, a sort of hiccuping resultant on what occurred in July." Doctrinaires on both sides swiped at one another's principles, and Mr. GAMMANS compared Mr. MORRISON somewhat unexpectedly to "a Sir Galahad with a mission to save the country from a fate worse than death." From time to time a Tory would insert an easy jibe at the Labour goings-on earlier in the day, but this did not prevent a tiny split from opening in their own ranks when Sir BEVERLEY BAXTER, who hates television on principle and whose patron lord has no interest in programme-contracting, said he hoped commercial television would fail. "I think the Government is mad," he sighed, more in sorrow than in anger.

The Government, having perhaps read "Cross-Bencher" in the *Sunday Express* the previous Sunday, had Mr. HARRY CROOKSHANK to wind up; but he only had twenty minutes to do it in and contented himself with a few well-turned generalizations. Allegations against Miss Powell, Sir Robert Renwick, Mr. S. C. Stanley, the Assistant Postmaster-General, or whoever, he turned down *en bloc* in a single sentence. He was still in full spate when at one second before ten o'clock Mr. BUCHAN-HEPBURN finally stopped worrying his wrist-watch as Mr. HERBERT BOWDEN rose in his place to move that the question be put. The Television Act was confirmed in its appointment by

300 votes to 268, the Independents voting with the Socialists.

Wednesday, November 24

The Lords concluded their discussions on Western European Union in the amity that

House of Lords:
Western Europe Again
House of Commons:
Wales

had characterized their opening, Lord STANSGATE

loyally observing the principle laid down in another place that disapproval of Government policy in this matter should be signified as silently as approval of it. They then proceeded with the more homely task of approving the new Highway Code, which they did in a thoroughly homely manner.

But in the Commons German rearmament cropped up again when Colonel LIPTON required the Minister of Defence to rule that it should never be possible for British troops to serve under German officers. Mr. MACMILLAN began an evasive answer, but ended by "admitting frankly" that such a thing would be possible, though his periphrastic way of saying it was that "it was not possible to combine two opposite principles, one of integration and the other of insularity." This was quite clear enough for the Opposition.

Mr. HERBERT MORRISON, who has recently become extraordinarily touchy and bad-tempered on some matters, suddenly rounded on Captain ORR, whose only offence had been to support the interest shown by Mr. ROBENS from the other side in the Northern Irish unemployed. It would be better, said Mr. MORRISON tartly, if Captain ORR devoted more time to Northern Ireland and less to pushing commercial interests in television. Captain ORR's friends muttered angrily at this gratuitous piece of criticism.



And so the third session of the present Parliament drew peacefully towards its close in a sing-song of Welsh accents as the affairs of the Principality were discussed by a handful of Celts. (What exactly Mr. NABARRO was doing *en cette galère* was rather a mystery.) As usual, there were complaints about the shortage of Welsh-speaking officials in the Welsh office; to have a Welsh-speaking Minister is not enough, it seems. Mr. HAYMAN suggested that if no Welsh-speaking officials were available the department might make do with Cornish-speaking ones, but this proposal was regarded as an intolerable levity by more earnest Members.

Thursday, November 25

The Commons met at eleven o'clock in the morning to receive their formal

House of Commons:
Prorogation

dismissal until the opening of the next session on Tuesday. They could barely muster a quorum for this purpose. Members anxious to grill the Prime Minister over his eve-of-birthday indiscretion at Woodford had to content themselves with a non-committal written answer until the next session.

B. A. YOUNG



CRITICISM

BOOKING OFFICE Russian Despot

Tsar Nicholas I. Constantin de Grunwald. *Douglas Saunders with MacGibbon and Kee*, 21/-

THE announcement, made a week or two ago, that the Soviet Government has decided to establish in Russia, "at the request of the troops themselves," military colonies to help agriculture, is one of many extraordinary repetitions in the pattern of Russian life to which the narrative of this book draws attention. Mr. Constantin de Grunwald writes:

"But nothing exasperated the enlightened young officers so much as the new system of 'military colonies' instituted after 1815. The basic principle of these 'colonies' was, in peace time, to combine soldiering with the work of peasant settlers and use the product of this double work for the maintenance of the army. It was an attempt to have groups which provided recruits and upkeep out of its own resources. The soldiers were both fighters and land workers; the peasants of the place where the soldiers were billeted were also divided into companies and wore uniform; their work was, to the minutest detail, subject to the most severe rules and supervised by officers; children were presumed to be 'in service' from the age of seven; the military authorities kept a watch on the

LORD SAMUEL

In a review of *Tempestuous Journey*, by Mr. Frank Owen, which appeared last week on this page, it was implied that Viscount Samuel was involved, along with Lloyd George and the Isaacs brothers, in the Marconi scandal. Lord Samuel writes that he had, in fact, "at no time any investment in the shares of the American Marconi Company or any other company directly or indirectly concerned with the Government contract then pending, and had at the time no knowledge of any such investment having been made by members of the Government." It is greatly regretted that, owing to a misunderstanding, this entirely unfounded suggestion should have been made.



marriages of young girls—to choose couples they drew lots, or it was left to the Colonel to decide. In this system, to which, towards the end of Alexander's reign, 143,000 soldiers and 374,000 peasants were submitted, there was something infinitely humiliating to human dignity."

Under Nicholas I, in 1831, after a large-scale mutiny in which much blood was shed—as also in the subsequent repression—the system was abolished. "It disappeared without any trace except a painful memory in the hearts of



[Punch, July 1, 1854]

the peasants: to-day they still speak of them in the Russian countryside." No doubt the merits of the system—"The Tsar, his generals, and even foreign observers were in ecstasies over the order and harmony of the whole organization"—have been re-examined by Mr. Malenkov.

This account of the life of Nicholas I (1796-1855) is of great interest. The author writes with sympathy of a man not everyone would find sympathetic. The story moves quickly, with concise explanations of political situations, good

notes and a sense of character. Mr. de Grunwald is not well disposed towards Poland and the Poles—the particular object of Nicholas's persecutions—and he is sometimes perhaps too inclined to speak of Russia's heterogeneous empire of Poles, Finns, Balts, Ukrainians, Armenians, Georgians, etc., as if they were all one people.

On the day that Nicholas succeeded to the throne the rising of the Decembrists broke out—those young Guards officers who wished to liberalize the Russian system of government. Its suppression left a cloud over the rest of the reign. The Tsar was honest and conscientious, but unremittingly harsh, with a passionate will to power. He was obsessed with military life. He put everybody into uniform—professors, students, engineers, civil servants and nobles. Only the army were allowed to wear moustaches, which, if not black already, had to be dyed. When he was shown an architectural plan with a small figure of a man in a top hat beside the elevation to indicate proportionate height, he wrote in the margin: "Who is this Jacobin?"—and in future such figures were shown in uniform.

He was himself prisoner of the system of which he formed the apex. His word was absolute where life and death was concerned, yet it was impossible for him to abolish serfdom, as such—which for administrative reasons he wished to do—because there was no real co-operation either from landowners or from the serfs themselves. His persistent Russification of the non-Russian provinces of the empire caused nothing but trouble.

In the end it was the Crimean War that broke him. "General Février turned traitor." The Tsar had unwisely attended the marriage of Count Klein-michel's daughter "in freezing weather in his red uniform of the Horse Guards, with its buckskin breeches and silk stockings," where he caught the cold that killed him. It has always been the custom of British historians to dismiss the Crimean war as a meaningless and useless conflict. This book makes one think again on the subject. Russia for two decades before had menaced Europe. However mismanaged by the Allies, the administration of that war

was even more of a muddle on the Russian side. It put Russia in her place for a time at least, so that perhaps, after all, the bloody sacrifices of Inkerman and the Alma were not in vain.

Mr. de Grunwald points out that Nicholas's reign was the period that saw the birth of a literature in a hitherto bookless Russia. He also describes the genre pictures, now to be found in the Tretiakov Gallery, as "the great school of realism." Charming, perhaps, in their naïveté, but it has still to be proved that any Russian can paint a picture of anything approaching the first rank.

ANTHONY POWELL

History of the British West Indies. Sir Alan Burns. *Allen and Unwin*, 70/-

This book, the fruit of laborious research and long administrative experience of the Caribbean, must become a standard authority on the subject. Despite the title, the various Caribbean settlements changed hands so often that the book in fact covers the possessions of other powers almost as fully as the present British possessions. Moreover, as each territory is dealt with separately (after a discussion of general topics) for each period, the history of any one can be followed without difficulty.

To the average Englishman the West Indies suggest an earthly paradise with a dark undercurrent of human unhappiness; and this their history all too sadly confirms. The Islands have never known content since the harmless and intelligent Arawaks were exterminated either by the Caribs or by the Spaniards (who ill-treated perhaps half a million of them out of existence within a few years). Since then the history of inter-racial, international and inter-class hatred and violence has been almost continuous. Yet the hint of paradise remains, and is apparent throughout even this most sober book.

P. M. H.

Ezra Pound and T. S. Eliot. Richard Aldington. *Peacock's Press*, 30/-

A serious questioning of the "cultural reference rock jumping" habits of Messrs. Eliot and Pound has been needed for a long time. This lecture at an American University, here most elegantly printed and bound, asks the right questions in the wrong way. Mr. Aldington's good points are nullified by the roaring Philistinism of his manner. Pound is an old charlatan, he says, and to prove it misprints nonsensically an epigram on Chesterton. Eliot has pinched a lot of lines from Shakespeare, Goldsmith, etcetera. That is familiar ground. But about the really important thing, the use to which these borrowings have been put, Mr. Aldington says almost nothing at all.

J. S.

Chelsea. William Gaunt. *Batsford*, 18/-

Mr. Gaunt has difficulty in covering the crowded history of the borough in the small space allowed him, and his

earlier sections are choked with detail. When he gives up trying to force everything in and concentrates on what interests him, the artists and writers who have lived in Chelsea, he becomes as readable and entertaining as usual. He is full of odd information—decoys used to be sent to fashionable assemblies to be overheard remarking "What charming weather for Ranelagh," and neglected murals of Thames scenes by Walter Greaves still exist in the old Streatham Town Hall.

There is some good material about lesser Victorian architects and a useful summary of information about the Carlyle, Wilde, Rossetti and Steer households. The bombing, and perhaps the movement of painters to other quarters of London, makes Mr. Gaunt hurry over modern Chelsea, though the contemporary is generally an interesting period of history, and ignoring it makes the rest of the story seem to peter out. The illustrations are numerous, varied and often pleasantly peculiar.

R. G. G. P.

Voyagers in Aspic. John Gillies. *Collins*, 10/6

Three "Dominion-visitors" on a maiden trip to England: a snobbish

HUMOROUS ART

The British and American Humorous Art Exhibition in aid of the Soldiers', Sailors' and Airmen's Families Association will be on show at the Odeon Cinema, Salisbury, until December 11. It includes 250 original drawings by 115 British and American artists. Admission is free.

705



"That's not quite the vocation I meant, Sister Agatha."

matron, wife of a sheep-farming M.P.; an aspirant author who becomes receptionist in a funeral parlour; and a tough young man on the make: in his first novel, Mr. Gillies, himself a New Zealander, sweeps them on a rapid tour of Pommie-Land, with interludes in an Iron Curtain country.

Some of his targets—Fleet Street, Soho, the British Council, homosexual Bohemians and a lunatic Press lord—are perhaps over-familiar to English readers, while the opening section is marred by phonetic Scots and a desire to show off with words like "conglobated," "Noctivagations," and "Raptorial"; but the book is genuinely high-spirited, whole scenes causing one to laugh aloud (Mrs. Willoughby-Smart's encounter with a fuddled albatross; Ambrose's attempts to jettison a superfluous corpse concealed in a 'cello case). The backgrounds, too—such as the gruesomely-genteel Kensington hotel, filled with a "conch-like murmur of conversation"—are graphically observed, while the dissertations of raffish Uncle Edward are an unadulterated joy.

J. M.-R.

AT THE PLAY

An Evening with Beatrice Lillie (GLOBE)

Simon and Laura (SCRAND)

ALL the flags should be flying in Shaftesbury Avenue, for BEATRICE LILLIE is back in London. As ever, she baffles analysis. What can possibly be said about her except that she is brilliantly funny, and totally original? She has no formula, any more

than Danny Kaye or the Marx Brothers; unless you are prepared to call inspired irrelevance, based on technical mastery, a formula. And this mastery is so complete that she is able to give the impression that she herself is uncertain what she will do next.

The lights go blue, her face takes on a treacly look, the pianist knocks out a few saccharin chords, and we are away on one of those lethal songs of amorous frustration that clog up the wireless and the music-hall; but no, this is BEATRICE LILLIE, and the trouble is wind round her heart. When she calculates that she has lulled us into believing her for the moment serious, her knees sag, she breaks into eerie laughter, or she whirls a great necklace round her body until it takes off and finishes at her feet. In between two verses of a song she will back up to the piano, make all the preliminary motions of jumping on to it, and then abandon the whole idea as simply not worth the effort. Sometimes she does nothing at all, and is still funny. A lift of her brow, a flicker of the long nose, the slightest movement of her eyes, are enough to slay. She allows us to miss nothing. And although she is utterly detached and sharp as a razor, her cool slow grin is one of the most melting weapons on our stage. The absurd pillbox turban, the scarf which continues to embarrass her, and the fan are about all the props she needs; the other aces up her sleeve are her own. Only she could have thought of beating time to music by a revolting flexing of a muscle in her arm.

In this programme far the best of her is in the second half, when she is out alone except for her pianist, and giving us an

enchanting selection of her peak numbers from the past. The first half ends well with a wonderful rag of a Japanese dancer, but otherwise it depends on feeble sketches which dilute Miss LILLIE in stooge dialogue, and on too much of LESLIE BRICUSSE. This promising young comedian arrived in London with the Footlights in the summer. He is versatile and has a nice turn of satire, but he is not yet ready to be made the second pillar of such an evening. Joyce Grenfell's sandwich of dancers is far better than a division which is as unfair to Mr. BRICUSSE as it is to Miss LILLIE. The pianos are played dazzlingly by EADIE and RACK.

Whether we choose to spend our evenings awestruck in the dark, or still prefer to talk, the technical paraphernalia of TV has a certain crazy interest. Somebody was bound to use it soon for comedy, and ALAN MELVILLE gets one hilarious scene from it in *Simon and Laura*. They are a stage couple whose hammer-and-tongs marriage, always apparently about to disintegrate, is held together by the joy of battle, of a long series of battles remembered almost with affection. In its innocence the B.B.C. stars them in a daily TV programme in their own drawing-room, with the missionary aim of extolling the beauties of domestic bliss. A tight rein and a suitably slushy script carries them successfully to the two-hundredth performance, when, fired by jealousy (for the fluffy script-writer, and the smooth producer) and the bottle, all hell breaks loose before the camera. MURRAY MACDONALD, the real producer, has managed this scene cleverly, but he

cannot do much with the last act, a mechanical affair of suspicion and contrivance. Even a post-dated baby is dragged in to save the marriage. In spite of Mr. MELVILLE's wit, which can be sharp, the play is then seen to be pretty thin.

ROLAND CULVER and CORAL BROWNE duel skilfully, but Mr. CULVER is not ideally cast as a rake; nor does DORA BRYAN, so deadly in satire, suggest a home-wrecker. IAN CARMICHAEL is consistently good as an earnest young man from Lime Grove, and ERNEST THESIGER cavorts happily as a stage butler playing himself.

Recommended

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

The Lyric, Hammersmith production of *Hedda Gabler* (15/9/54) has moved into town deservedly (Westminster). *The Matchmaker* (Haymarket) is Thornton Wilder and a first-rate farce (10/11/54). Agatha Christie's *Witness for the Prosecution* (Winter Garden) remains front-page crime.

ERIC KEOWN

AT THE BALLET

Café des Sports—Carnaval
(SADLER'S WELLS)

THE new work which the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet has added to its repertory was produced on the company's South African tour and has since been seen in the home provinces. It presents a world in which an Edwardian vigilance committee fraternizes with Essentialist (*sic*) painters, and is thus not to be pinpointed in time. Nor, for that matter, in place, seeing that Mr. JACK TAYLOR's setting for a Mediterranean village is an odd affair of plain London brick and flattened domes. But then Mr. TAYLOR is, I gather, a new primitive in the Grandma Moses tradition. The note of Gallic authenticity is, however, effectively supplied by racing cyclists who add powerfully to the excitement and gaiety of the village. It is just as well that they are not contestants in the *Tour de France*, for their laurels are snatched from them by a *gamine*, who, cheating brazenly, receives the prize.

It is the character of this urchin, a tattered and beguiling minx with a shock of red hair and holes in her stockings, which ensures that our pleasure in Mr. ALFRED RODRIQUES' new ballet, *Café des Sports*, is sustained. It gives Miss MARYON LANE ampler opportunity than she has hitherto enjoyed not only of projecting her infectious sense of comedy but also of showing that in her dancing the comic spirit has its attendant pathos. Hers is an endearing urchin, bubbling with vitality and mischief, for whom Mr. RODRIQUES has lovingly provided a wealth of expressive steps. He has done well, too, with the cyclists, who, with handlebars only, create a most lifelike and diverting illusion of riding, mounting



An Evening with Beatrice Lillie

and dismounting. It is all a very good joke, but, as so often happens, it is made to last a shade too long.

Other characters, including the proprietress of the café (Miss YVONNE CARTIER) round which the life of the village flows, and the waiter (Mr. GILBERT VERNON) are not so well realized, with the result that their contribution is that of excellent dancers rather than that of characters. The piece adds another to the ballets of amusement in the Islington repertory. Though it has little shape or logical progression it is welcome as a high-spirited and unpretentious bit of fun. Mr. ANTHONY HOPKINS, drawing much on reminiscence for his light-hearted music, is in tune with the general air of inconsequential nonsense.

A revival of *Carnaval*, one of the most popular ballets in the DIAGHILEV repertory, comes with the freshness of new work to the post-war generation of balletomanes. It is nice to see the Bakst costumes again, to applaud the brilliant precision of FOKINE's choreography and to hear SCHUMANN's familiar music so well played by the orchestra conducted by Mr. JOHN LANCHBERRY. Miss PATRICIA MILLER fully satisfied expectation as Columbine. Miss MARYON LANE as Papillon, Mr. PIRMIN TRECU as Harlequin and Mr. DAVID POOLE as Pierrot all danced well; but yet *in toto* some of the remembered sparkle was missing.

C. B. MORTLOCK



AT THE PICTURES

Garden of Evil—Beau Brummell

EVEN while recognizing the contrived, almost mechanical basis of the plot of *Garden of Evil* (Director: HENRY HATHAWAY) one can still respect and take pleasure in the film as a whole. With Westerns, of course, this is a not uncommon state of affairs, commoner I think than with any other strongly-defined category of pictures. Perhaps more than anything else the scenery is responsible, particularly when it's presented in Technicolor and CinemaScope . . .

The pattern of this story is the cross-country journey against great obstacles. Three Americans are stranded in a Mexican fishing village; enter an intense young woman (SUSAN HAYWARD) who offers them two thousand dollars each (after unsuccessfully offering the local Mexicans one thousand each) if they will return with her to the gold mine in the heart of Indian country where her husband is lying injured. Taking one enormous Mexican with them for the rough work (he eventually has one very impressive scene, holding up the roof of the mine while the injured man is pulled clear), off they go.

I don't want to suggest that the film is important or anything great in the absolute sense; the principal characters are too nearly types, too obviously



[*Garden of Evil*]

Leah Fuller—SUSAN HAYWARD Fiske—RICHARD WIDMARK Hooker—GARY COOPER

tailored to the measure of GARY COOPER and RICHARD WIDMARK, so that a little systematic thinking soon after they appear (bearing in mind the box-office rank of the stars) will tell you more or less the state all of them will be in at the fade-out. And yet . . . the detail and small decorative incidents are so good, the moments of suspense and excitement are so well managed and balanced, the playing is so unobtrusively competent, above all the magnificent mountain scenery is so well shown and, in the best way, *used* for the story, that the whole thing is enjoyable.

Certainly I enjoyed it much more than the Royal Performance film, *Beau Brummell* (Director: CURTIS BERNHARDT), which—except visually—hasn't the qualities to justify extended discussion of it now it is no longer news. Visually (photography: OSWALD MORRIS) it has many exceedingly attractive moments—I remember particularly a hunting scene. (In this, by the way, there is what seemed to me a quite typical example of over-emphasis, lack of restraint, lack of feeling for mood: a shot of the fox itself preparing for the chase. What conceivable relevance was that supposed to have?)

The story, far from authentic in detail,

THOMAS DERRICK

We record with deep regret the death of Thomas Derrick, whose vigorous dry-brush drawings and colour pages appeared regularly in *Punch* throughout the nineteen-thirties. His first drawing for *Punch* was published in June 1932, and his last was the coloured cover of the 1944 Almanack.

is "based on the play written for Richard Mansfield by Clyde Fitch." It presents Brummell as a more or less conventionally heroic personage who happened also to be interested in clothes; the description of him in the synopsis as "elegant scoundrel" seems absurdly wrong applied to the character STEWART GRANGER plays here. He has political conversations with Pitt, he gives solemn advice to his friend Prinny, and certain scenes are built up round some of the more celebrated remarks—notably of course "Who's your fat friend?"

Apart from its visual merits, the best of the picture is in PETER USTINOV's portrait of the Regent and ROBERT MORLEY's electrifying two-minute flash as the mad George III. Byron appears, but he has to make pronouncements like "A whole new era is dawning" . . .

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Most striking and attractive new one in London is the Swedish prizewinner *The Great Adventure*: an absolutely first-rate little picture about animals and children. In the same programme (Academy) is BUNUEL's excellent *The Adventures of Robinson Crusoe* (18/8/54). *The Divided Heart* (24/11/54), *Bread, Love and Dreams* (3/11/54) and CHAPLIN's *Modern Times* continue; and there's always Cinerama.

The only new release I'm inclined to mention—the only one, I think, that was press-shown at all—is *Night People* (14/7/54), which is very good.

RICHARD MALLETT



ON THE AIR

Matters of Experience

THE other day Sir William Haley made an important contribution to the current discussion on the effect of television mania on the nation's mental activities, on the alleged threat of mass passivity, the possibility of a decline in literacy, intelligent listening and creative thought.

Sir William regards reading as the most enterprising and rewarding of the sedentary occupations of leisure, and no real bookman would disagree with him. But the enjoyment of good literature is not guaranteed by literacy and mental agility: the writer can communicate successfully only with readers capable of sharing his experiences, and it is unfortunately true that many would-be readers live lives too narrow for such literary liaisons. Through no fault of their own they are denied the basic sensory experience necessary for a catholic appreciation of printed matter. Love stories, war novels, sporting yarns, Westerns (the imagery picked up from the cinema) and simple domestic chronicles like the radio doings of the Dales and the Archers—these are the tales that most people enjoy. They have been in love, lived through war and played games: they have practical knowledge to share with writers who deal with these subjects. But the rest of the literary field is closed to them.

How can sensory and emotional experience be widened? Through television? Yes, I think so. Television may offer shadowy substitutes for the real thing—for travel, intelligent discourse and so on—but they are very useful substitutes. Television can be immensely stimulating and enriching and I am inclined to think that TV will eventually make readers of us all.

Caryl Doncaster's documentary "The



[The Protection of Britain

Mr. John Grierson and Sir Stephen Tallents

New Canadians" has been rather heavily criticized, chiefly because it tried to tell a story and deliver a strong message without employing the conventional narrator or commentator. With such ambitious programmes there is always the danger that the dialogue will get out of hand, that the performers will be given lines completely out of character—sugary explanations, stage directions and heavy sermons—and that such unnatural utterances will shatter the illusion of realism and integrity. Well, in my view, the experiment avoided these pitfalls very successfully. And if at times the conversation became a little stilted there was adequate compensation in the unbroken continuity of the story-telling and the uncompromising zeal with which Miss Doncaster put over her guide to Canadian immigration.

All this badly needed saying, and could not, I think, have been said more powerfully.

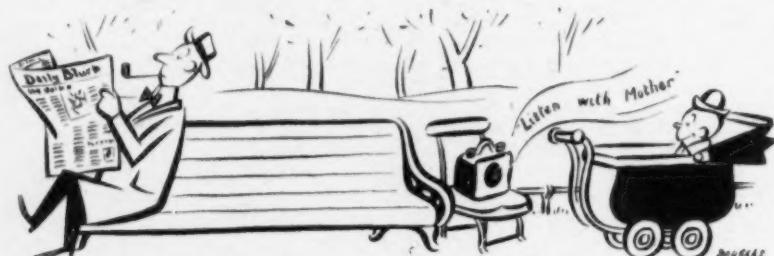
The story of Britain's pioneering work in the production and popularizing of documentary films is one well worth telling, and last week's first instalment of

a three-part serial, "The Projection of Britain," made excellent viewing. I was one of the many people who had their eyes first opened to the excitement of travel and the element of adventure in other people's jobs by those schoolroom and amateur film-society classics "Drifters," "Night Mail," "The Song of Ceylon," "Housing Problems" and "Shipyard." It was such wonderful illustrative material as this (together with early Russian and Ufa films) that made the pages of our textbooks come to life, helped us use our own eyes and set us longing for the time when we could travel hopefully in three dimensions instead of with the whirring spools of 16mm. celluloid.

Many viewers have already discovered that the documentary is the most reliable (O.B.s apart) of all Lime Grove's offerings. During the past five years there has been consistent improvement in technique, in script-writing, production and dramatic value, and given adequate resources this department of B.B.C. television could, I am sure, very quickly kill all controversy about the threat of mass passivity.

The Sunday night play "Prelude to Glory" was remarkable for some vintage character-acting from Marda Vanne, William Mervyn, Arthur Ridley, Arthur Wontner, Andrew Cruickshank and Alan Wheatley. There is little in the play to excite or amuse, and it is a tribute to the performers that Donald Sutherland's mild account of ten months in the life of Princess Victoria proved acceptable entertainment. Marda Vanne as the Duchess of Kent, Victoria's dumpy, lovable, misguided, indignant Germanic mother, was first-rate, and only slightly less convincing were Clare Austin as Victoria, and Jane Henderson as Baroness Lehzen.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



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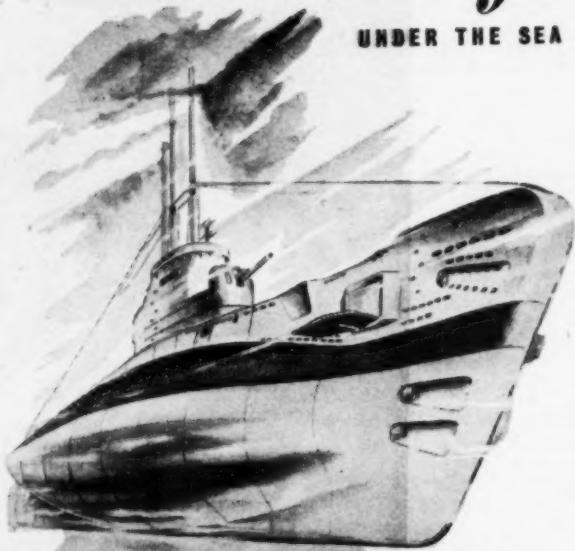
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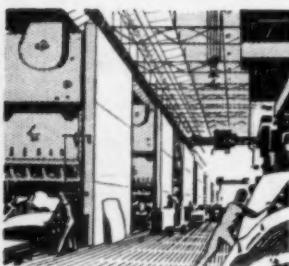
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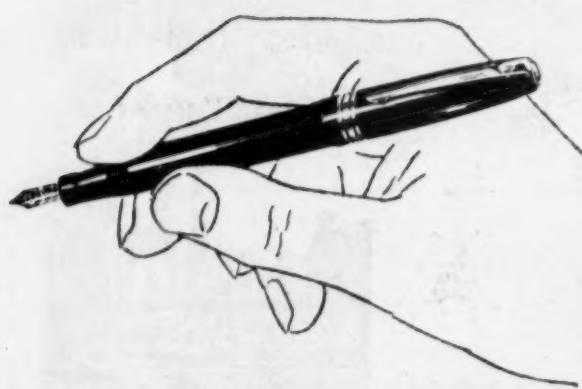


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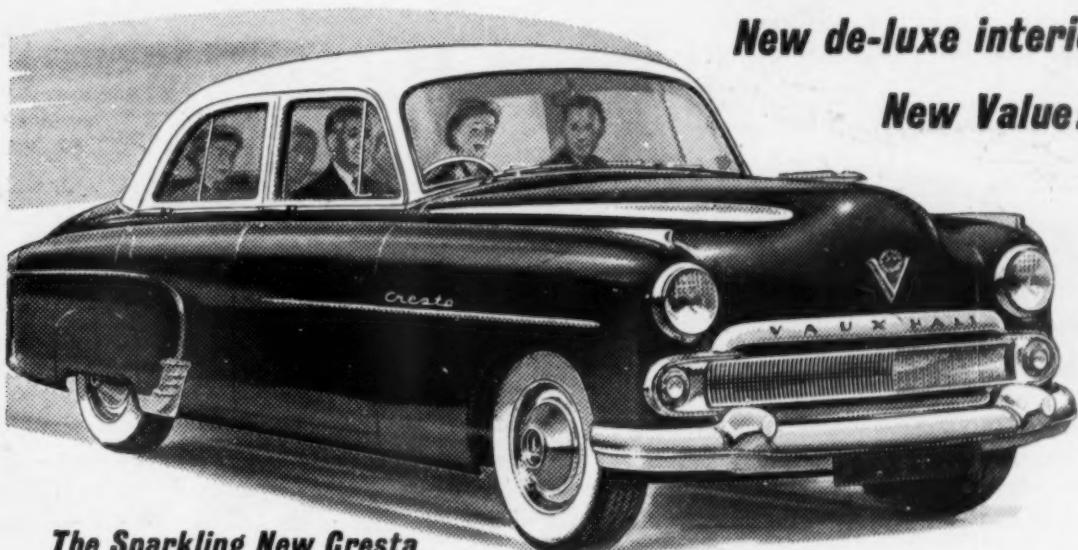
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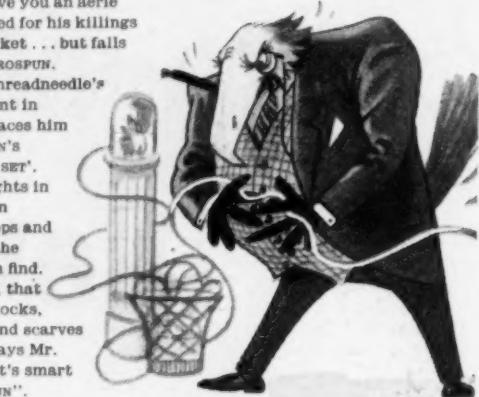
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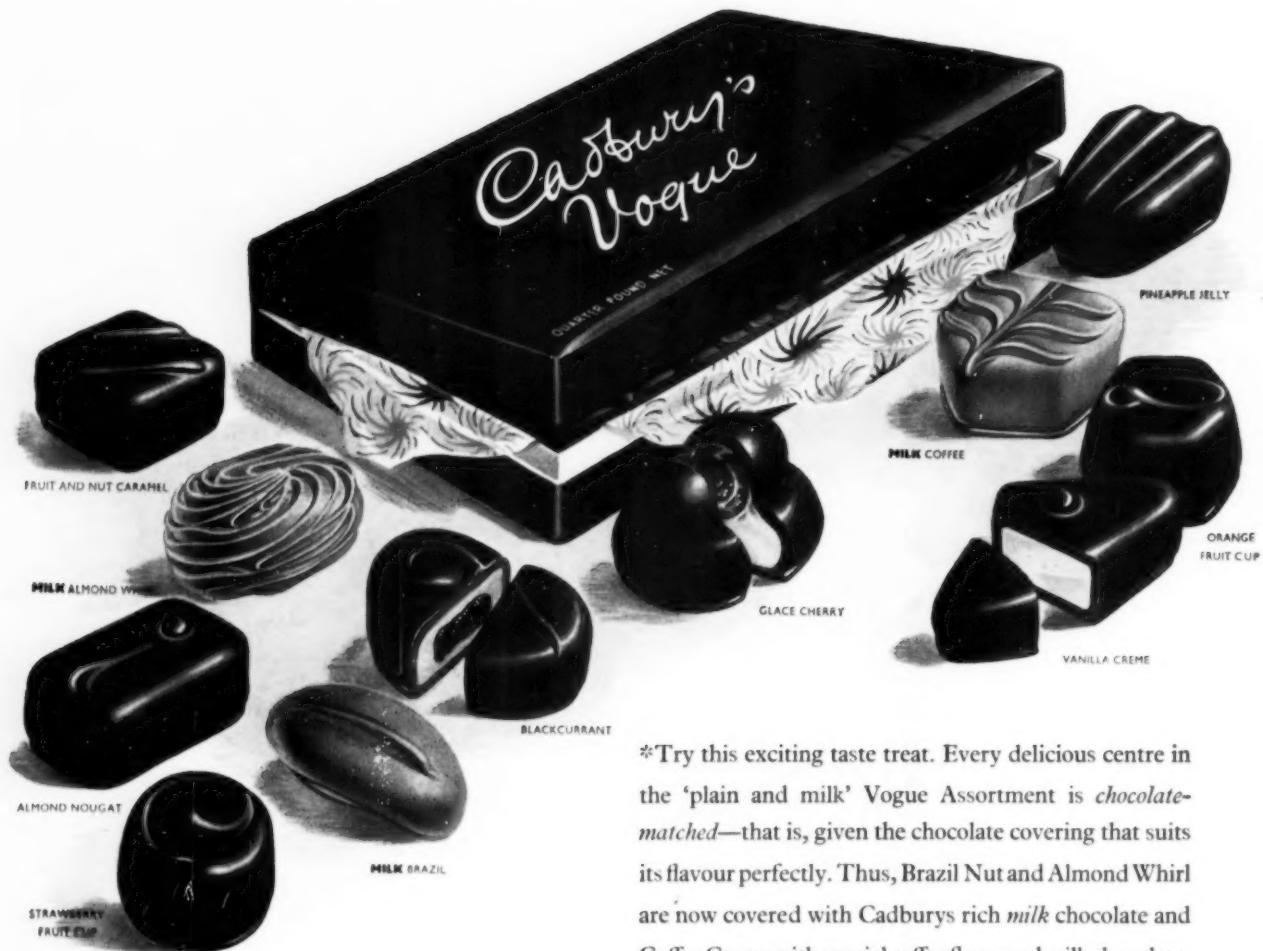
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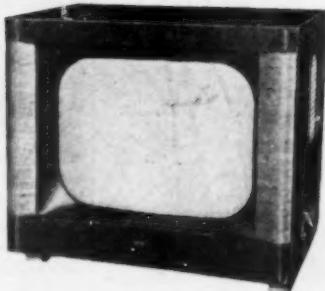
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Sherry No. 12, Amontillado, medium dry,
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Port No. 13, very full flavour, deep
colour, old vintage type;
½-bottle Scotch Whisky Vat 'B' Army &
Navy

CASE NO. 5 | Sherry No. 19, light golden, medium body;
Port No. 7, ruby, medium sweet and full;
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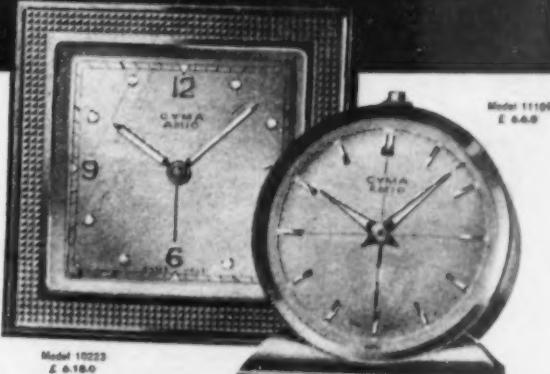
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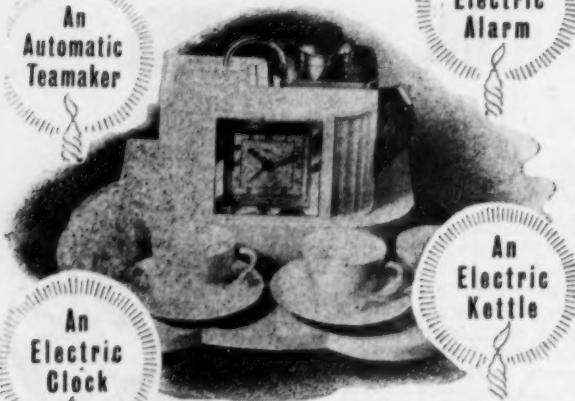
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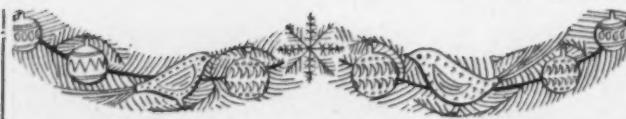
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